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BLACK DREAMS: DEFERRED INDEFINITELY?

Carl F. H. Henry
FROM THE JUNCTURE OF THE REFORMATION

Sisyphus
THE SECOND SHOE

Michael Novak
A FAREWELL

Jordan Bishop
CANADA'S SEASON OF DISCONTENT

Colin L. Westerbeck Jr.
WOODEN ALLEN

Richard John Neuhaus
ARTISANS OF A NEW CHRISTENDOM

George Woodcock
IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS ROSS . . .

ALSO: THOMAS A. DINE, ELIZABETH KNIES, DAVID TRACY

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NEWS & VIEWS

Balancing the Books

To hell with the law, but not the budget. . . .

Congressman Robert Drinan recently asked the FBI and CIA for photostats of the files kept on him.

The FBI sent around a dossier of 81 pages; the CIA, 10 pages plus 10 newspaper clippings.

The FBI billed Drinan $8.10, or 10¢ per page as allowed. As of June 19, the CIA had not sent its bill.

Axing the Right

The Vatican ax has fallen again, this time on the right-wing community that comprised the Seminary of St. Pius X in Econe, Switzerland. Ostensibly, the blow was struck by Bishop Pierre Mamie, head of the Diocese of Geneva, Lausanne and Fribourg, who withdrew canonical status from the seminary headed since 1971 by the former Bishop of Tulle and Archbishop of Dakar, Marcel Lefebvre, CSSp. But the action was inconceivable without the concurrence of Rome.

The last straw, evidently, was a manifesto issued last Nov. 21 by Archbishop Lefebvre, which said:

"We refuse and we have always refused to follow Rome in its neo-modernist and neo-Protestant tendency, which was clearly manifested in Vatican Council II and the reform that emerged after the Council. . . .

"This reform, having sprung from liberalism, is wholly empoisoned. It derives from heresy and ends in heresy, even if all its actions are not heretical. It is therefore impossible for any conscious and faithful Catholic to adopt this reform or submit to it in any way."

Bishop Mamie countered: "The much affirmed attachment of this community to the former liturgical traditions and the Latin tongue, and its desire to defend the values of faith and discipline essential to the Church against certain ways of thinking and acting, in fact cloak a deliberate and explicit rejection of the decisions of Vatican Council II and of the authority of Pope Paul VI."

After an apostolic investigation and multiple exchanges with Rome, the ax was swung. Directly affected, in addition to Archbishop Lefebvre, are Econe's 104 seminarians and a sizable community of laity which had attached itself to the seminary's liturgy.

A number of Swiss Catholics have protested "the monstrous injustice" committed in the Econe confrontation, and a letter has been dispatched to the Pope which includes among its signers the former President of the Swiss Confederation, a member of the government of the Canton of Valais, and the secretary-general of the Christian Democratic party of the Canton.

No one is expecting an about-face by Rome. Its view is felt to be that surmised by a correspondent for *Informations Catholiques Internationales*: "Behind the formal traditionalism is hidden a violent rejection of the Church of today."

Exits

Out of a Maryknoll conference in Cochambamba, Bolivia, walked U.S. Ambassador William P. Stedman, Jr. He arrived to speak in the company of an embassy labor official believed to have CIA connections, one John LaMazza. The Maryknollers voted against LaMazza's presence in their midst and asked him to leave. Stedman left too.

Out of South Vietnam, at the request of the Provisional Revolutionary Government, flew the Vatican's Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Henri Lemaitre. Lemaitre drew criticism in connection with the promotion of Bishop Nguyen Van Thuan of Nhatrang to a key post in Saigon. The bishop is a nephew of the late President Ngo Dinh Diem.

Out of existence in Uruguay is the journal *Vispera*, known as the *Commonweal* of Latin America. An executive decree signed by President Juan Maria Bordaberry closed the publication permanently, for its alleged "support of subversive movements which operate in Latin America and other continents to destroy legitimate constitutional order and implant regimes which will deny human rights and democracy." (*Vispera*'s editorial policy has, in fact, been the very opposite of that alleged by the Bordaberry regime.) Hector Borrat, editor, has been placed under subpoena and thus forbidden to change residence or to leave the country without police authorization.

Hoehana/LNS

'Pope Paul VII'

Ancient anti-Catholic sharpshooter Paul Blanshard signaled in a recent issue of *The Churchman* on what to expect if "my namesake is succeeded by me, His Holiness Pope Paul VI by His Humanist Pope Paul VII, wearing trousers instead of silken gowns, and scorning to ride in a *sedia gestatoria*":

"I wave my papal scepter, don my papal tiara and instantly create four new female saints—St. Golda Meir, St. Eleanor Roosevelt, St. Jane Addams, and St. Margaret Sanger. And where would I locate a specially divine relic? Why not St. Margaret's Pill?"

Odds and Ends

—How goes the Bicentenary (*cont.*)? The following memo to staff from Richard R. Aurelio, president of Daniel J. Edelman of New York, a public relations firm:

"I am getting bored with the Bicentennial. And I have a feeling the public is, too. Therefore, let's stop dreaming up Bicentennial ideas and projects. The whole thing has already been so overdone and is so bereft of real meaning that I doubt that it has any value for our clients any longer. So let's stop talking about the Bicentennial and start concentrating once again on projects that relate to the consumer in today's real world."

—How goes renewal in Highland Park, N.J.? The following from the Pastor's Desk column in St. Paul's parish bulletin:

"The signs at the doors of our church stressing the fact that women ought to wear a head covering at services is [sic] there for . . . reason. The [Code of Canon] Law is still in force. However, while I can prevent girls from serving, I cannot very well go out into the congregation and 'cap' each uncovered head. We tolerate what we cannot control."

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Greece and Turkey

Ann Arbor, Mich.

To the Editors: Professor Finkenthal's article, "The Imminent War: Greece and Turkey," in the April 25 issue provides an excellent insight in the true motives of Turkey in the present as well as the past Cyprus crises.

Permit me, however, to comment on the statement made at the beginning of the article, saying that "as the political and diplomatic experts see it, the United States withdrawal of military aid to Turkey, . . . will probably mean that Turkey will turn to the Soviet Union or China for support."

The only political and diplomatic experts seeing it that way must be Kissinger and those in the State Department who do not wish to openly disagree with him. To the rest of the experts it is perfectly clear that it is extremely unlikely that Turkey will accept military aid from the Soviet Union and switch to Soviet-made equipment for her armed forces, for the very simple reason that henceforward she would be at the mercy of the Soviet Union for spare parts. And since the Soviet Union has claims on Turkish territory, Turkey just cannot place herself in such a precarious position.

Secretary Kissinger certainly understands this point very well too. Unfortunately his ego, bigger than his sense of duty to his country, does not allow him to admit that he made a mess in Cyprus and accept gracefuly the help Congress wisely offered him by suspending military aid to Turkey. So he built the "Turkey will go to the Soviets" myth to frighten Congress into resuming aid to Turkey. Fortunately Congress can see through it all.

DEMETRIOS T. POLITIS

Post-Industrial Age

Berkeley, Cal.

To the Editors: Steven P. Kramer's article "Beyond Stagnation" [Apr. 25]

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NEW MAN AT THE U.N.

Americans will do anything for Latin America, someone once wrote, except read about it. By and large the same thing is true of the United Nations. But this state of affairs is subject to radical change once UN delegate-designate Daniel Patrick Moynihan takes his seat.

Mr. Moynihan is intelligent, articulate and, on occasion, combative. He has definite ideas about the UN and how the United States should behave there. Sharing the views of those who deplore the "tyranny" of the UN's new majority, he favors positive action by the U.S. spokesman to counter this disturbing phenomenon. Primarily this means facing up to the essentially antagonistic line of most of the Third World countries, a realistic recognition that the U.S. is in a minority position inside the United Nations and that it must frankly go on the offensive. Liberal democracy and, yes, capitalism have enormous achievements to their credit, he says, which the developing nations consistently tend to ignore; Mr. Moynihan can be counted on to point these accomplishments out. In recent days delegates to the UN have become accustomed to hearing representatives of one-party states denounce what they call lack of freedom in the West; Mr. Moynihan will surely point out to spokesmen for such repressive nations the difference between mote and beam.

All this is likely to lead to a certain amount of fireworks, which may even make Americans pay a little attention to what is happening at the UN. If Mr. Moynihan performs with the verve we would expect of him, he may become the most popular ambassador to the UN we've ever had, at least here at home, and we do not doubt that he will say much that badly needs saying. In the long run, however, more than fireworks is required, and we feel sure Mr. Moynihan would agree with this. Thus we were particularly interested in the recent recommendations of a 25-

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member international panel calling for sweeping changes in the structure of the United Nations—changes which, if adopted, would be the first major alterations in the UN since the international organization's founding 30 years ago. The changes suggested are too complex to be gone into in detail here, but the purpose of the revisions would be to improve UN handling of economic issues (with the hope that this would later extend to political issues), put an end to pointless name-calling in the General Assembly and increase cooperation between rich and poor countries. The major innovation would involve a revamping of the present decision-making process which has recently led to acrimony and deadlock between rich and poor UN members, in favor of a process of negotiation and compromise. No doubt problems aplenty would arise with the proposed set-up. Nonetheless, given the present situation in which countries with ten percent of the world's population can command two-thirds majority in the General Assembly, some kind of new machinery is essential. On the one hand, there is no point in continuing the kind of easy denunciations of the rich nations that have become common fare at the United Nations in recent months. On the other, the United States and other rich nations must recognize that the demands of international social justice are compelling and will require considerable adjustment and rectification on our part. As Mr. Moynihan takes his seat, it is these two truths that must be brought into balance at the United Nations.

COMING: Ralph A. Keifer writing on the new Catechisms for adults, notably 'The Common Catechism' and 'An American Catholic Catechism.'

WASHINGTON REPORT

THE SECOND SHOE

The *New York Times* has, in effect, recently apologized to one of the few genuine reporters it has. The reporter is Seymour Hersh, who last December exposed domestic wrong-doings of the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA).

Hersh first "broke" the story on a Sabbath last December. He wrote that the CIA "had violated its charter by conducting massive, illegal intelligence operations aimed at (domestic) anti-war activists and other American dissidents inside the United States." Hersh estimated that the CIA had collected information about "at least" 10,000 Americans. Within a few days, the *Times* published an editorial downgrading the Hersh story—a position it maintained for a considerable length of time. Hersh persisted in his explanatory reportage, so unappreciated by influential persons at the *Times*.

Finally, President Ford was obliged to establish an investigatory commission headed by Vice President Rockefeller. Within carefully circumscribed limitations—it was not, for example, to inquire into the extent, scope, nature or value of the CIA's overseas "dirty tricks" operations—the Commission set to work. In mid-June, it released its findings. The Rockefeller Commission validated the Hersh exposures.

The Commission, among other things, reported that the CIA had unlawfully collected, during a six-year period beginning in 1967, materials on dissident Americans that produced 13,000 files and related documents that contained the names of more than 300,000 persons and organizations. It investigated federal income-tax records of sixteen persons. The CIA gave President Nixon classified information relating to military actions abroad that Nixon used to his political advantage, although the Rockefeller Commission said the CIA didn't know the materials would be used that way. The CIA, at the request of Nixon aides, kicked-in $38,000 to defray costs of replying to those who wrote to President Nixon following the invasion of Cambodia.

In its reporting of the Commission's findings, the *Times* published three stories paying tribute to Hersh. One, appearing on page one, was written by Clifton Daniel, chief of the *Times*'s Washington bureau, where Hersh is currently assigned. Another pointed out that the principal allegations of the numerous stories by Hersh were validated by the Rockefeller Commission. A third story similarly credited Hersh. All three were suitable secular acts of contrition—long overdue.

The second shoe has yet to drop. It's held by Senator Church, chairman of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities, like the Rockefeller Commission, established after the Hersh revelations to explore activities of the CIA. Its writ, however, includes permission to inquire into the clandestine operations (dirty tricks) of the CIA. The Church Committee is scheduled to complete its work this year. Church, a conscientious, righteous "loner" at age 50, has in his typically mannered and cautious way let it be known he'd like to be elected President next year.

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Church talks a pretty good game these days. Rockefeller recently said that the law-breaking offenses of the CIA were not "major." Church responded tartly that his Committee had from evidence that planning of assassinations of leaders of other governments was one CIA activity. "I don't regard murder plots as a minor matter," Church said. "Ours is not a wicked country and we cannot abide a wicked Government."

But the question before the house is whether Church will let the second shoe drop, assuming, as he is publicly indicating, that it should be dropped, or simply will place the shoe softly on the floor. "I hope we can relate the acts in a manner that will least injure the country," he said the other day. The past lions of the Senate—Borah, for example, who, like Church, represented Idaho—would have let the shoe drop, if warranted. But his, Borah's, was not an Organization Man's age and Borah did not want to be President. His were other times and other customs, when thunder in the Senate was accepted, even approved, and men of the President's Cabinet left, if they disagreed on major issues, with a bang, not a whimper—the latter is the case these days. Outspokenness was the order-of-the-day; while in contemporary times, the conventional wisdom, as applied to, say, a thunderer like (the late) Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, is "The Senate can stand one Wayne Morse, but not two."

Church has walked courageously alone, or nearly so, in the days when opposition to our involvement in Indochina was just developing. He was set upon by Lyndon Johnson and risked political death in Idaho, with its large gun-toting Mormon population. But housebreaking the CIA is the most hazardous of undertakings. The right-wing members of his Senate Select Committee will be watching and running to the CIA if matters begin to cut toward the bone. The CIA, itself, may have infiltrated the Senate Committee's staff. And, if not, it is capable of putting out stories to willing correspondents to make it seem as if the Church Committee, or, more specifically, Church, himself, is, innocently or otherwise, playing into the hands of "America's enemies." The stakes are high; the dice are not Church's; and the committee doors are under surveillance. Committee members, especially Church, himself, meet not so much in a room as in a minefield.

The Church Committee does still have some leeway. The Town—that is Washington—has not yet made up its mind which way to play the CIA matter. Perhaps that is because the country doesn't seem to have made up its mind either, nor has the press corps.

So much is at stake and so many disparate matters are wired to each other, politically speaking.

The chances that the investigation be concluded in a manner fair to all—including the CIA, the existence of which can be persuasively defended—is made more difficult because the 1976 presidential election year is only six months away. The elective offices of the federal government have phases. Like the moon, occupants of these elective offices—the President and the 535 members of Congress—have (political) phases. Freshly elected, they may understandably perform as if they have a "mandate" to continue business as usual or to vigorously pursue some course or other. For Senators, with a six-year term, and Presidents, with a four, this lasts about two years. For Representatives, with two-year terms, it only lasts a year or less. Then, for reason of political opposition or fatigue or discouragement, comes a slackening off of efforts. As the end of their terms approach, precinct politics begins to shade the issues. What maneuvers, what positions, what votes (or vetoes) will look most advantageous during the approaching reelection year? As the 1976 year nears, this outlook grows large. It is possible under these circumstances for public benefit to accrue. But usually this comes about on the part of putative candidates now beginning to beat on the door to be admitted to elective office. Those inside *tend* to defend what they've done—not to embark or continue on with a difficult program or project.

This is where we are now on the CIA matter, and the energy-policy matter and the disarmament matter, and the economy matter.

But there is no immutable law. Things in America are never as bad as they seem. The Nixon impeachment proceeding took place in an election year, 1974. Those who did their duty, at that time and in a most difficult situation, were elected, it should be remembered, from the shabbier precincts of America—among them, Rep. Rodino of Newark, N.J., chairman of the impeaching House Judiciary Committee, and Rep. Thomas (Tip) O'Neill of Cambridge Mass., Majority Leader. Jimmy Breslin in his book on the affair, *How the Good Guys Finally Won*, suggests that in a chapter entitled "The night-school students are saving the country."

So with the unfinished CIA investigation before the Senate (and the nation). Looking for a descriptive phrase to apply to the situation, one is tempted to reach despondently for a remark made a long time ago by the painter Van Gogh: "I believe more and more that God must not be judged on this earth. It is one of His sketches that has turned out badly."

But, after all, a sketch is tentative—and Church still holds the second shoe.

SISYPHUS

Sisyphus' "Washington Report" column was cited in the 1975 awards competition of the Catholic Press Association of the United States and Canada as "the best regular column" originating with a magazine. The announcement was made at the Association's recent convention in New York City.

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REPORT FROM CANADA

A SEASON OF DISCONTENT

Canada and the United States swim to a great extent in the same economic pool, but there are still real differences in the economies. This is Canada's year for what the press usually calls "labor troubles," although the whole world knows that they are management's troubles as well.

Parliament hill is a good place to start, where the controversy over pay increases takes a different form: management (the power in power) is in favor of a substantial increase; labor (part of the opposition) is opposed. While Mr. Ford in Washington was still fighting inflation as public enemy number one, Canada's Liberal government was quietly looking for ways to give a recession-bound economy a shot in the arm. This, as every school child knows in this post-Keynesian age, is done by getting more money into the hands of the people. What better place to start, thought Liberal house leader Mitchell Sharp, than by getting more money into than hands of members of parliament, who have been struggling to get along on a mere eighteen thousand a year plus an eight-thousand dollar tax-free- expense allowance.

The parliamentary pay raise was quietly introduced in the last session before the Christmas break, and was to bring the total to thirty-nine thousand per annum, of which twelve would be tax-free. This quiet revolution in parliamentary salaries exploded into a noisy counter-revolution as New Democratic Party members insisted on the observance of certain technicalities such as the need for a quorum in order to block the pay hike. NDP veteran Stanley Knowles remarked that the proposed raise was higher than the average family income of his own constitutents.

Before the pay increase was finally steered through the house, where the Liberals have a comfortable majority and the support of the Tory opposition (on this issue), the nation's airports and the biggest post office in the country were closed down by a strike of selected blue-collar workers. As might be expected, this gave rise to loud complaints about strikes in essential services.

Unlike civil servants, blue-collar workers in federal employ are generally paid less than their counterparts in the private sector, and the rate varies (according to going rates) from one region to another. This discrimination has become almost a public necessity, since if they were paid as much or more, the government would be accused of "leading" wage demands in a "never-ending" spiral of inflation.

Canada's labor legislation has always been ordered to prevent strikes whenever possible. Strikes are legal only when a contract is under negotiation, and then only after conciliation. But in recent years, the conciliation procedures have been falling apart, and in essential services, not a few strikes have been ended by legislation.

In governmental employ, there is a problem with respect to criteria for wage increases. It is assumed that they should keep up with increases in the consumer price index. Productivity is often difficult or impossible to measure. Ability to pay is limited only by the political hazards of higher taxes.

Despite complaints about the public nuisance of strikes in essential services, public employees across the country have gained the right to strike. In 1970, in Sydney, Nova Scotia, Canada saw its first *legal* police strike and the first *legal* strike of registered nurses. At this writing, letter carriers across the country are legally entitled to strike and have struck in some areas. In addition, due to the government's refusal to negotiate the impact of automation, there was a serious illegal strike of postal workers in 1974. School children may still be seen wearing "boycott the postal code" buttons.

This year, as parliament members debated their own pay raise, grain inspectors walked out in some of the major ports, along with west-coast dockers. Construction workers threatened progress on Montreal's Olympic stadium. There was a public transit strike in Toronto. In Halifax, technicians at Victoria General Hospital, who did not have a right to strike, resigned *en masse* and made their point. Nurses in New Brunswick, interns and residents in British Columbia and Newfoundland threatened strike action. In Ontario, there were widespread teachers' strikes in the separate schools before a settlement was reached.

Inflation, which has continued unabated during the recession, has only added fuel to the flames, just as the threat of inflation is still used as a club to forestall or limit wage increases.

Coal miners in Cape Breton Island, enjoying a new prestige in a year of high oil prices, voted to reject what the leader of UMW district 26 called the best contract ever offered in the industry.

Part of the problem in public services is inexperience on both sides of the bargaining table, as well as some misunderstanding of the rules of the game among the rank-and-file. The game involves public statements of more-than-realistic demands from labor leaders during negotiations, so that the rank-and-file are moved to

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reject good contracts that are well below the publicly-demanded wage increases. Even in the private sector —as happened in the case of the dockers—employers can often count on parliamentary intervention to settle strikes by *ad-hoc* legislation.

As the year progresses, faint cries are heard in favor of wage and price controls, countered by loud cries from labor leaders who know only too well which of these controls can be enforced.

1975 is not only a year of continued inflation, but a year of contracts to be negotiated. This is—as if the fates had not heard of economic orthodoxy—combined with a recession that promises more layoffs and protests of inability to pay on the part of employers. While some industries in the private sector voluntarily negotiated wage increases during the life of a contract, there is pressure from the private sector to avoid this in public employ. And this is complicated by some 1972 federal legislation that allows federal employees to negotiate—and to strike—problems arising from technological change during the life of a contract. This was in effect an admission that the problem is too complex for ordinary collective bargaining procedures. It was bitterly opposed at the time by business interests, lest the virus spread to the private sector through provincial legislation.

It is almost enough to make the impartial observer doubt the ability of governments to manage the economy. One might argue that if anybody could do it, it would be the ruling Liberals, whose relations with the corporate sector are nothing but the best.

As if this were not enough, oil prices can only go up. A recent federal-provincial conference on the matter failed to reach any agreement as Prime Minister Pierre Elliot Trudeau (Lib) snuggled up to Alberta's Premier Peter Lougheed (Conservative) for higher oil prices against screams of foul from Ontario's William Davis (Cons) and Nova Scotia's Gerald Regan (Lib). With federal backing, Alberta and the oil industry will get higher prices, as the same federal government preaches restraint to unions negotiating wage contracts because higher wages are inflationary—or perhaps because they cut into company profits. As all Liberals (and Tories) know, company profits are what makes the economy go. In public service jobs, restraint is even more important, since higher taxes might be required to pay the bill, and tax breaks are needed to stimulate the economy.

It won't wash. As things stand, union labor is just about keeping up with increases in consumer prices. For the two-thirds of Canada's non-agricultural work force that are not organized, this is hardly possible.

Meanwhile the members of parliament (who do not have a union) have finally got their pay hike. Lest the public be deceived, this is not inflationary. They are approaching the level where family allowances are nullified by income taxes, and with regular if modest increases built into this legislation, can soon join the ranks of the top one-half percent of Canada's working population.

JORDAN BISHOP

(Jordan Bishop, a regular contributor, teaches at the College of Cape Breton in Nova Scotia.)

JOHN FANDEL

THE LONELY EMERGENCY

It is only in the lonely emergencies of life that our creed is tested: then routine maxims fail, and we fall back on our gods. William James

Of the books I have read,
Which one could I turn to
For help, say, in a dread
Deciding, seeing it through?

This word-famous bard,
This noted novelist,
This critic by the yard,
This stringent aphorist?

For all their worded fame,
Fabled merit, prize,
Which of them stands, a name
One thinks of, truly wise?

Some twenty years ago
I spent four years of breath
To ponder on books that show
A manner of life and death,

And for those years I knew
The grace in questing peace,
Wisdom. What happened to
Their purview, in surcease,

Can not be put down pat,
Books of Mystic, Saint,
Exacting Ararat.
But, in this complaint

Of my redoubtable years,
May I remember a word
Of their salve to fears,
Here again what I heard,

Savoring what they meant,
Sainted as they to see;
To be, the complement
Of their sane courtesy.

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A FAREWELL

MICHAEL NOVAK

For over three years, this space in *Commonweal* has been dear to me. To appear here regularly, with freedom to write what I wished, fulfilled a kind of dream: let me do what I had loved to see in others from my youth. Moreover, I had specific purposes and, now that it is time to close, perhaps it may be permitted me to sketch them. They help, as well, to explain why I am moving now to another space, with the National Catholic News Service.

The pivotal community in the social texture of these United States—so goes my premise—is the quarter of our population that is Catholic, more than fifty million strong. Catholics are numerous, concentrated in the electorally potent states, including Florida, Texas, and California as well as the northeastern and midwestern states, and politically at the very heart of such sustained and successful progressive politics as this nation has known in this century.

The Catholic quarter, however, is not sufficiently studied by the nation's intellectual elites. It is not even sufficiently represented among them. Since Msgr. John Tracy Ellis wrote his famous essay many years ago, of course, matters have much improved. Intellectuals of standing like Daniel Moynihan, Garry Wills, Wilfrid Sheed, John Leonard, Daniel Callahan, Andrew Greeley and others have made a visible public mark. But this "generation of the breakthrough" has had many tasks to face, many masters to please, many skills to learn. It is far from completing adequately all that must be done.

Three tasks, in particular, governed this column's scope. The first was political, the second cultural, the third theological. I love the Democratic party, not in itself but as the vehicle of the practicable progressive purposes of the nation. That the factions of this party have been unable to see each other's role, and to respect each other's agenda, seems to me the most dangerous political weakness in our society. Those on the Right fall out at the pain of losing elections for themselves; Democrats fall out under pain of losing progress for us all. (My colleague "Sisyphus" may smile sagely at the frailties of Democrats; I would be delighted if he united them.)

On cultural matters the subject hardest for some readers to bear—and for that very reason—had to be voiced. Severe inhibitions, intellectual and emotional, ring it round: I mean ethnicity. Before the erotic revolution, comparable inhibitions made sex a guarded subject. Once fear has been dispelled, speech and understanding flow easier.

It can hardly escape notice that Catholic universities, publishing houses, and journals operate rather more heavily within the world of Irish-American culture than within, say, that of black, Hispanic, Italian, Slavic, French, German or Greek Catholic cultures. The Irish side of the Catholic experience in America has been far more artfully and brilliantly articulated than any other. Yet only 17 percent of American Catholics are Irish; one might have guessed at least twice that many.

The other Catholics—in their sense of God, nature, sin, family, authority, community, etc.—are comparatively unknown, even to their fellow Catholics. Their position with respect to Irish Catholics is a little like that of Irish Catholics with respect to the nation as a whole, *circa* 1956. I see in the millions silent now so long fruitful hope of future creativity. My column here does not now reach these Catholic cultures.

Theologically, my hope has been to give as much care to images, sentiments, and events as our tradition has long given concepts. My long-range aim is to produce a theology of culture. To do that well, one must learn the *feel* of the ephemeral artifacts of culture: organizations, movements, forms, manners. To be an angelic doctor is to reflect too little the perishable earth, love it as one might.

After the "opening" of the Church in the Vatican Council, I for one turned my attention more and more to social and political analysis, leaving liturgical, church, and theological reform to others. In recent years, I find myself more and more attached to Catholic traditions and teachings on nature, the sacraments, the family, and other matters. Daniel Callahan once chided me for being too uncritical of an "open church"; openness, he said, is ambiguous, and may allow all sorts of nonsense to escape rigorous critique. Often since, I have ruefully remembered his words.

All the great traditional strengths of Roman Catholicism—its social sense, its realism, its diversity and cultural sensitivities, its cynicism and stringent realism, its emphasis on sights and smells and colors, its "analogical imagination" (David Tracy), its particular "exercises in religious understanding" (David Burrell)—need once again to be re-lived, reflected on, expressed in the fleeting idiom of our time. It rejoices me to see how Catholicism captures the imagination of my children. Looking at America from a Catholic horizon—rather than a horizon borrowed from liberal Protestantism—also yields refreshing insights: a harsher, tougher world emerges.

Whereas most education in America seems aimed at consciousness-raising—at teaching one's mind the hygiene proper to liberal, progressive,

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BLACK DREAMS: DEFERRED INDEFINITELY

CHARLES HAMPDEN-TURNER

Was the civil rights movement merely a passing moral spasm?

American reform movements seem to behave like meteorites. They streak across the heavens, dominating for a short time our entire view of the firmament, and then they are gone, burnt up perhaps, or passing cold and lightless into a great void.

The feeling seemed so strong only a few years ago, the feeling that something new had been injected into the political process and that men of moral vision had at least a handhold upon the wheel the steered this nation's destiny. It was as if aesthetic and transcendent elements of experience had qualified interest-group liberalism. Was all the pomp of yesteryear one with Prohibition and Free Silver? Was this only one of the many moral spasms that shake American politics from time to time only to pass like a fever? Will those of us who believed soon become part of the nostalgia boom, sighing over video cassettes of "The Sizzling Sixties" or "The Way We Marched"?

By now any reader of radical literature is used to denigration of Martin Luther King and the civil rights campaigns. Their ethos was "moralistic," "middle-class," and (ugh!) liberal. All that "politics of the body" was possibly useful in "raising consciousness" and in exposing the ultimate rottenness of everyone except the People (a vaguely defined group of seemingly dormant persons who would awake as the rhetoric escalated).

Yet the various black and white factions into which the movement split—community action, Black Power, campus revolt, Yippies, Weathermen, Black Capitalism, etc., were conspicuously shorter-lived. If civil rights had been a meteor, they were fireworks, embers and ashes in a few short months. Whatever brief impacts they made upon national attention, owed much to the original civil rights struggle, of which each claimed to be a new, decisive phase.

Here, I want first to consider what was of lasting social value and moral significance about the civil rights movement. Second, I want to summarize its shortcomings and its incompleteness. Thirdly, I want to discuss how its major virtues and dynamics could again be set in motion. As a social psychologist I will be adopting a particular and perhaps a peculiar viewpoint.

I submit that Martin Luther King's greatest gift to a renewal of American values was his skill at moral synthesis—what some social scientists have begun to call "synergy." He understood and communicated through action and witness the truth that integration among different people required integration among different ideas, which in turn required a mind-body integration, wherein your body was "on the line" with your convictions.

The real significance of this requires that we compare it with the more traditional style of valuing which uses polarized moral constructs. Most persons construe moral behavior in the simple linear terms of good-bad, thus Courageous—cowardly, and Cautious—foolhardy. But, of course, there is an inherent contradiction here, since Courage and Caution, both ostensibly good, are opposites, thus:

Courage	Caution
foolhardy	cowardly

Frequently this contradiction must be resolved by force

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as when one "Courageous" person beats another into realizing that he was "foolhardy" and should have been "Cautious." But in order to minimize violence, what generally happens is that one class/race/sex gets to personify Courage, while the lower class, blacks and women, get to personify Caution. This applies to a large variety of opposites, Individualism—Cooperation, Secular—Otherworldly, Tough—Tender, etc. The second in each pair becomes the "virtue" of the oppressed group.

Nowhere is this clearer than in Richard M. Nixon's acceptance speech at the 1968 Republican Convention. Having seen the face of a black child, he turns to a more agreeable subject.

"I see another child" (himself!)

"He hears the train go by at night and dreams of faraway places he would like to go.

"It seems like an impossible dream.

But he is helped on his journey through life.

"A father who had to go to work before the sixth grade, sacrificed everything so that his sons could go to college.

"A gentle, Quaker mother, with a passionate concern for peace, quietly wept when he went to war but understood why he had to go.

"A great teacher, a remarkable football coach, an inspirational minister encouraged him on his way.

"A courageous wife and loyal children stood by him in victory and defeat. . . .

"Tonight he stands before you . . ."

Notice the moral "division of labor" in this passage. It resounds with numerous virtues, but family, self-sacrifice, gentleness, passion, peace, quietude and loyalty is what Nixon receives *from others*, assorted parents, clergy and teachers, while the opposite virtues, faraway places, self-advancement, toughness, reserve, militance, eloquence and origination are claimed by Nixon as his own. He even appears to have gone to war for Quakerism, Motherhood and gentleness! Each "strong" polarity commands its opposite "weak" polarity, as war commands peace, men command women, whites command blacks.

King's Synthesis

Martin Luther King continually synthesized rather than polarized moral constructs. Even at his most otherworldly, when he was speaking in the cadence and rhythm of the Southern Baptist churches, and was going to the mountain top to see the promised land, every religious metaphor had a clear political or social referent. The two levels of meaning were brilliantly interwoven as he led an escapist religious tradition into the promised land of political emancipation, and gave to the smoke-filled rooms of political operators the fresh breeze of moral and religious purpose.

In this movement, there came together change with continuity, the ideal with the real, tenderness with toughness, self-assertion with an openness to influence, marching (as in war) with kneeling (as in prayer), courage with caution, self-discipline with passion, tension with relaxation, human law with natural law, body with soul, belief with action, means with ends, and strength with vulnerability. Instead of in these pairs *subtracting* from one another, as in the old linear morality, they *synergised* with one another (syn-ergo, to work with).

A word should be said here about creativity in general. We often confuse creativity with novelty and change, but were I to write this, in new words, with new punctuations and new spellings, I'd either be ignored or hustled off to an asylum. Creative work gives us the well-known "shock of recognition." What is recognized are the *old*, separate elements *newly* organized, and perhaps related for the first time. It was King's genius for generating new meanings out of highly familiar and conservative language, that enabled his followers to experience the Movement, literally a movement of unbroken skeins of continuity stretching from the past, through the present to an aspiring future.

There are two important principles in the art of reconciling oneself with others and in achieving an internal reconciliation, or integrity. Beliefs must be acted upon and the body must experience and tolerate the anxiety of belief-in-action. So long as one stands back, whether in contemplation or "objective" observation, there will be a tendency for the social world to appear atomized and polarized. This is because the separation of the spectator from what he sees helps to produce the separateness *in* what he sees. His decision to "humbly reflect" God-given reality *or* to manipulate that reality experimentally, casts its shadow of submission or domination upon human society.

Action is also essential if the body is not to belie the mind. It is all too possible to be "for" black people, women's rights, etc. while finding the actual assertion of these rights in specific instances emotionally threatening and disturbing. Especially for blacks, the prototypical encounter with Southern racists takes the form of a "tension contest." White has traditionally forced Black to back down, *not* by force although this was in reserve, but by raising the inner anxiety of Blacks to unbearable levels, until he is induced to disparage himself by flight, humility, ingratiation, playing dumb, etc.

The dynamics of anxiety help to explain the survival of polarized value constructs. White in any encounter with Black displays Courage (it would be cowardly to do less). Black displays Caution (it would be foolhardy to do more). Both reduce their anxiety sharply by falling into patterns of complementarity. If Black dares to make a move for the Courage end of the polarity he is ferociously slapped down.

But King and the Movement bore witness to ***both***

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ends of such polarities simultaneously, Courage—Caution, Toughness—Tenderness, etc., all incorporated within non-violent action, and they calmed their own anxieties by a series of reconciliations of "opposite" behaviors. For example, they would march *and* go limp, stand to confront their oppressors *and* sit down, expose themselves to danger *while* embracing and singing. Much of the paraphernalia of escapist religion was now directly counterposed to the source of anxiety to delegitimize it. In behavior therapy these are known as "relaxation responses." If you have an exaggerated and phobic dread of something or someone, you have to relax yourself in its presence to "teach your body" that it is less dangerous than you supposed. Even the conversion of general into specific dangers is a plus because danger can be dealt with, while anxiety disables your very capacity to function.

We are now in a position to understand the ferocity and rage with which civil rights marchers were resisted by sheriff's deputies, wielding dogs and electric cattle prods, and to see why the non-violent advocates of moral synthesis are so frequently murdered. For many Southerners, Martin Luther King was a spook, a kind of hideous hybrid, a Tom-sounding preacher, but with precisely the opposite effect! He fell to his knees but not in submission. He spoke humility but came on and on. He was defiant, yet just as you tried to club him, he was orderly. Disgustingly emotional, he yet kept his cool while you lost yours! But above all he would *not* be pushed to the "weak" end of your value construct, and neither would he fight you "like a man," for the "strong" end of it.

For Southerners who had often donned white sheets to haunt superstitious blacks, this was a terrifying "reverse haunting." For is it not the nature of ghosts to defy definition? The face of crumpled linen that looms out of the darkness is both mundane and otherworldly, an object customarily close to your body, yet in this instance utterly remote from your experience, resembling a face but not a face, seemingly wispy and vulnerable yet possibly indestructible. As you lash out at it in frenzy, TV cameras whirr, and forty million viewers laugh or frown at your antics. It only wants to love you! To press its hideous crinkles against your body and claim its rights!

If "value polarizers" are thus alarmed and disgusted by the ambiguous appearance of "value synthesizers," a loathing superimposed upon prejudiced attitudes towards blacks in general, then this might account for the phobic convictions voiced at this time, about nuns in high heels, whores in habits, and race-mixers who had miscegenated in every ditch from New York to Montgomery, Alabama. For people who believe in 100 Percent Americanism, Red-Blooded Masculinity, and Pure Southern Womanhood, linear constructs all, it is alarming to see clergy active, students organizing instead of learning, nuns marching, and everyone acting in ways that contradict their accustomed roles.

I don't believe that stampeding their opposition into loutish behavior was premeditated by the Movement, and it was too dangerous to be welcomed. Once it was known to occur, it was used in the politics of indignation and to confound the myth of white civilization menaced by black barbarism.

Behind the Break-up

What went wrong? Why did the synthesis break up? There are many causes alleged; the unsuitability of demonstration tactics outside the South, the shift of Congress to the right after the 1966 mid-term elections, the Moynihan Report and similar attempts by the federal government to wrest the initiative away from the Movement and get events under its own control, and, of course, the war in Southeast Asia to which conservatives were willing to give support—at a price.

But I regard all these as minor compared with the one most basic flaw, the lack of any substantial economic infrastructure to the civil rights movement. It used economic tools from time to time, the boycott especially, but it had no means for accumulating economic power. The reason is not far to seek.

The entire ideal of value synthesis stumbles over the uncompromising fact that our economy and its support sector are structured according to conventional value-polarities. Business proclaims itself Self-interested, Courageous, Tough-minded, Individualistic, "Masculine," and Innovative. It expects assorted housewives, consumers, clergy, teachers, students and social agencies to be Selfless, Cautious, Tender-minded, Cooperative, "Feminine," and Loyal, so as to complement its own behavior.

The Movement of the Sixties *was a revolt of the support sector*. It took place almost entirely outside the economy, with minimal participation by workers or executives, black or white. It was as if the groaning Greek Chorus on the edge of the national stage, long accustomed to doleful commentary, suddenly decided they *had* to act as well as groan, and invaded the stage to alter the course of the tragedy. Value synthesis of word with deed, of succorance with assertion, was the attempted solution of those pledged mainly to words and succorance. They had to act in the world but not in a way that denied their original calling.

The split between the economic and support sectors was especially marked within the black community. Such black businesses as had survived into the Sixties were often built on segregation, e.g., funeral homes, barber shops, hair-grooming products and cosmetics, ethnic newspapers, etc. The Harlem Hotel was forced to close when black groups found they could meet in the Sheraton Hilton. If black businessmen regarded a

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civil rights movement dominated by ministers and community organizers with modified rapture it was understandable.

In fact black liberation movements have been historically split into economic and socio-political factions. Booker T. Washington's advocacy of economic skills training ("let down your buckets where you are") was financed by whites at the price of accommodation on political issues. While W.E.B. DuBois was perceptive enough to see that blacks must advance in *all* areas of competence simultaneously, he in effect threw his weight against Washington into the legal-political strategy of the N.A.A.C.P. Harold Cruse has pointed out that Black Power and Black Capitalism are resurgencies of "Bookerism" in more militant guise, while the civil rights marches were extensions of N.A.A.C.P. policies.

Because of lack of an economic component the civil rights movement could do very little for the millions of poor blacks who were "beneath" the economy, in the sense of lacking marketable skills. They could sit at integrated lunch counters but not have the money to pay. The resentment of poor blacks mingled with the resentment of marginal black businessmen who have rarely enjoyed the status of ministers or even politicians within their communities.

It soon became evident that opportunities aplenty could be found for a small segment of the black elite, and white employers fell over each other to offer high-paying jobs to the few "known" and "certified" blacks, with the result that much of the leadership class was creamed off, leaving the ghettos more desperate than ever. The Black Power and Black Capitalism factions were the inevitable result of a civil rights movement which had exacerbated the historical lopsidedness of black advancement.

It also became apparent that the preaching and professing sectors in both black and white communities had converted each other into verbal and symbolic ties of unity, but that, beneath the media blitz, the underlying economic realities were little changed. The mountain belly of moralization labored and brought forth a mouse. It suddenly became fashionable to denounce all liberals as hypocrites. It would have been truer to say that they had largely given what they had to give, verbal and moral support. The comforters had been speaking to the comforters over the heads of industry and labor.

That moral synthesis, a style of valuing that grows out of varied experiences in human relationship, should have made such selective progress mostly within the support sectors of society is regrettable, but not entirely surprising. It is the middle-class "spectator section" that is free to move from role to role, to practice with one commitment after another, and to listen to all sides while postponing action. It is relatively easier for the media to synthesize belief and action, social concern and self-advancement since their jobs consist of self-expressions and interpersonal communications. The vast majority of Americans simply do not live like this, but are forced to obey the polar structures of a competitive economy.

Unfortunately the middle-class bias of the Movement has introduced into civil rights legislation a subtle "classism." The burdens and the benefits of busing and court-ordered integration are most inequitably distributed. Let me explain.

It is an error to believe that racial integration is equally difficult at all socio-economic levels. If we assume that the objective is *equal status contact* (and there is no evidence that unequal contact between, say, a white master and black mistress does anything to reduce prejudice) then whites near the highest socio-economic levels need only associate with a tiny percentage of blacks, while whites nearer the bottom must associate with a very large percentage. Three black neighbors on Nob Hill and five thousand downtown are quite a different proposition.

Besides, at upper-middle-class levels a black skin has little predictive value for what an encounter with this person will be like. If anything it promises an extra-

ordinary person with unusual and interesting experiences. But at lower economic levels black skins *do* often predict the presence of a lower-class life-style, and neighborhoods in transition to greater poverty. Since violent street crime rises very sharply as the average per capita incomes fall below $7,000, it is exceedingly unfair to lecture whites for fleeing neighborhoods in transition.

Persons in the "support sector" often forget that while social relationships are their *work*, for most people in the economic sector social relationships are play and relaxation. One doesn't come home from a grueling week at the office or factory to run race relations seminars in one's spare time. Many people go to church on Sunday for their one day of unanimity, only to find that their minister, bored with holding people's hands, is keen to plunge into controversy!

Another sign of classism was the apparent belief by Movement people that it was for them to bear witness and communicate moral imperatives, but for someone else, a lower-middle-class stiff, perhaps, to incorporate

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this axiom into his routine life. As Martin Luther King explained from Birmingham Jail

> We merely bring to the surface the hidden tension that is already alive . . . Like a boil that can never be cured so long as it is covered up but must be opened with all its ugliness to the natural medicines of air and light . . .

It is clear from this passage that King had only the vaguest idea of the action that should follow his exposure of injustice. If American Air was a more fetid breath than he had supposed, it seems that he conceived of no alternatives beyond witness. In short, the Movement often resembled a moral consulting service, whose members were on leave-of-absence from their universities and churches. That all, now, is so deathly still, and that moral crusades can vanish so suddenly from the national scene only proves that those who sally forth from their sanctuaries can return. I do not intend to disparage those who risked and even gave their lives. I believe the civil rights movement to be the best example of civic virtue in this century. I *do* contend that one final synthesis is yet needed, and that it eluded the Movement, that is a *permanent structural* synthesis between the economic and support sectors of our culture. We have yet to transcend the dichotomy between "do goodism" and "business as usual."

I see the main source of hope for continuing King's work of reconciliation in the three hundred or so Community Development Corporations that have sprung up in poor urban and rural areas across the country. Almost alone in our national landscape these institutions combine economic with social purposes and legitimize their synthesis. Owned by their local communities, these corporations use the profits from their business and their employment policies to develop socially, culturally, politically and economically their local areas. Here the separated vision of Washington and DuBois, King and Carmichael can come together in a synthesis that includes all aspects of black competence, and does not sever class from class.

If I have reservations about most existing Community Development Corporations, it is that they are still pro-economic, anti-civil rights in their general sentiments. They tend to avoid politics and the media in favor of a Bookerish yearning for humble tasks. They appeal not to a liberal constituency of conscience but to the everday appetites of commerce.

I have a dream for the community development movement, that some day it will proclaim itself to be a moral synthesis between self-assertion and social concern and between economic and political purposes in the style of Martin Luther King. That it will take to our television screens to tell us of the people behind the products it makes, their aspirations, needs and souls. In this way whites in the "support sector" of the economy can realize a power that is more symbolic, the power to shop selectively from those who are rebuilding our society.

Imagine a TV screen divided into quarters, within each square an earnest, white-coated gentleman lecturing you on thinly disguised equivalents of Excedrin, Bayer Aspirin, Anacin and Bufferin. All speak at once, all claim superiority, all quiver with sincerity. Then you hear a Voice Over:

"They're lying you know. There's no difference. The F.T.C. has said so—four times. The FDA has said it—twice. We're fed up with having our airwaves *polluted* with this silly babble when there are so many urgent problems. We make aspirin, too, just aspirin, no better and no worse than those few. But while we make it, we build a community, bring hope to thousands who never had hope before, and we're going to make our part of the city a livable place again, with safe streets, decent homes and self-respecting people. Think about that—come and visit us—you may even get fewer headaches, when you see what we're doing. But when you *do* get a headache—remember our brand. It's called 'Just Aspirin." To you that might mean aspirin, pure and honest. To us it means a just society, with social and racial justice. When you reach for *Just Aspirin*, you reach beyond pills to free us, you reach beyond pills to people, and people need each other. Right?"

"Obscene!" a foundation executive exclaimed to me. "To mix up King's life and purpose with *that*!" I wondered how many thousands of employees came to work in the grease and grime of his engine company, which made the parts, which made the profits, which this precious gentleman then dispensed on a Higher Moral Plan, above commerce. Polarized values really *are* the enemy!

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JOHN NIXON, JR.

THE FORGETTER

She has forgotten now that humming birds
Below the bridal suite once made for her
A phallic music in the trumpet flowers.

What fragile year it was, what sorry April
When shards of innocence, like bluebirds, fell.
Diminishing her world, she can't recall.

As for the fledglings and their number and
What mates they took—such coveys of statistics
Are much too fluttery to manage now.

The aviary, she observes, is empty
Save for one wintry owl, white as amnesia,
Staring at her, waiting to be forgotten.

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'What I think about the Roman Catholic Church'

First in a Series

FROM THE JUNCTURE OF THE REFORMATION

CARL F. H. HENRY

If I had as much sense as some of my Roman Catholic friends I would swiftly decline an invitation to write on a subject which will either cost me Catholic or non-Catholic good will, or cost so little that it is scarcely worth the reading.

I had better confess at once that I know all too few Roman Catholics in more than a casual way—a cluster of scholars in the American Theological Society, a few others that I have enjoyed or endured as teachers along the way, and towering over them all the late Gustave Weigel who had, I thought, a gratifying feeling for fairness and the warmth of charity alongside his unswerving Jesuit loyalties. Bill Buckley I have never met, though I have often wished I knew as much as he does about so many things, and that I had his semantic ability to confuse others when the outcome may be in doubt. I have never had an audience with the Pope, and have no lingering aspiration to meet him until Hans Küng's view prevails that the teaching hierarchy is not only intrinsically fallible but has already demonstrated itself to be so.

Some Roman Catholics dismay me while others delight me—sometimes the same persons on different days —which makes them very much like some of my Protestant friends. Long ago I learned that people are not to be trusted or distrusted simply because they are Catholics, Jews, or Protestants—or even evangelical Protestants, however prestigious—although atheists seem to me to lack any persuasive basis whatever for moral predictability.

It will be best, I think, to reminisce about Roman Catholicism somewhat autobiographically, since some firm impressions grow out of the experiences of family and home. I have sometimes remarked that I was born at the juncture of the Protestant Reformation, since my mother was Catholic and my father Lutheran. I know many devout Catholics and devout Lutherans, some of them twice-born stalwarts of faith, but in our home we had little or nothing of the things of the Spirit. It may be that now or then—particularly when one of the children carried the raging fever of a childhood disease—my mother spoke a prayer at bedtime. But we had no family prayers, no Bible readings, no grace at table. We were Christmas and Easter Christians, and I do not remember that it made much difference—during or after—whether it was Catholic or Lutheran services that we then attended; my father worked like a beaver and drank like a fish, and my mother struggled against poverty as the children kept coming along every year or two until there were eight of us.

I did not first become aware of religious differences until the family moved to Long Island and we youngsters were enrolled in an Episcopal Sunday School. Apparently this was a religious compromise since there was a large Catholic church but no Lutheran church in town. I am told that today the Catholic priests in Central Islip cooperate with evangelicals in Bible distribution and in other ways, but when I was a lad the priests patrolled the sidewalk and required passing schoolchildren to tip their hats to the invisible host on the altar inside. Many of us resented these demands and deliberately crossed the street to pass by on the other side. I had no way of knowing that some day, as a Protestant theologian, I would return to town at the death of my father and with very mixed feelings attend requiem mass in that very church.

In some ways it did not make a great deal of difference that I attended the Episcopal Church rather than some other ritualistically oriented communion. When I was twelve it was time to be confirmed. To his consternation the parish priest discovered that I had never been baptized so I was both baptized and confirmed within two weeks. I still recall his liturgical assurance to the grandparents that "this child is now regenerate and an inheritor of the promises of God." But I was no more regenerate than if Thomas Aquinas or Saint Peter's third cousin had himself dispensed the same guarantees.

For most of the remaining teenage years it could not have mattered less to me whether people were Catholic, Protestant, or Hottentot; the family circle included some of each in both relatives and friends. Religion appeared to be something that was conducted inside a building; once outside, those who supported it seemed like those who did not—as I quickly learned to do—to profane God's name, to tell less than the truth, and even to be ready now and then to put over a shady deal. To be sure, I had a few lingering inheritances from

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Episcopal Sunday School days: the first Bible I ever possessed, stolen from the church pew racks; a few communion-ritual phrases such as "we look to the shed blood of Christ and are thankful," which I thought had something to do with the chalice of which communicants partook; and knowledge of where the Gospels are located in Scripture so that now and then I read the resurrection stories with a moth-and-flame curiosity. At sixteen, while the Great Depression deepened, I became a $15-a-week country newspaper reporter. In that context I met evangelicals already holding neighborhood cell meetings for prayer and Bible study, some of them aligned rather uneasily with Frank Buchmann's Oxford Group.

When I was 20 I came into a vital personal experience of Christ. Faith in the crucified and risen Lord was for me a magnificently transforming experience. I shared its rewards readily and eagerly with family and friends. To my Roman Catholic mother I bore my first testimony to God's grace, and three months later she too became a believer. My evangelical faith supplied new motivation and resources for integrity and achievement. Journalistic opportunities flourished and I became the youngest editor of a weekly newspaper in New York State and suburban correspondent for leading New York dailies. As editor of *The Smithtown Star* I was determined to be objectively fair (except to Democrats at election time, since the Macy chain of papers was committed editorially as a Republican enterprise and Democrats had the *Smithtown Messenger* edited by a Methodist churchman for their misrepresentations).

I knew Catholicism in those days only as institutional religion, and denominational Protestantism (those were the theologically-lean years of modernism) as contemporary social analysis in low key. As a journalist I had access to the high and mighty, and my anxieties about giving needless offense were mollified by the counsel of a veteran editor of the now defunct *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*: "When in doubt, the title 'mister' will serve in the United States all the way up to the President." I tried to get acquainted with all the local clergy, but my first contact with the Catholic church was somewhat disconcerting. I phoned the church to reach the parish priest and asked, "Is Mr. Smith there?" I was promptly informed that "no Mr. Smith" was at that number; did I have the right number? "That's the listing," I replied, repeating the digits. "Oh, you must mean *Father* Smith," came the answer; "this is *Father Smith*'s number: hold on and I'll call him for you." At a space of 40 years I have a confession to make: I cradled the telephone and to my knowledge never thereafter met Father Smith. Later I did, however, get to know many Catholic laymen and other priests (always carefully 'fathered,' although for a season with some uneasy recollection of Matthew 23:9). Since I soon demythologized the title, however, I was prone to preserve it even when priests more recently were virtually begging Protestants to put them on a first-name basis. My first newspaper contact with Father Smith in Smithtown was really an insignificant incident, but it is a reminder nonetheless that important first impressions are often garnered not from a personal meeting with the Pope but rather from personal contact with his legions.

Catholic Courses

My college years at Wheaton—Billy Graham partly overlapped my term—and my seminary days at Northern Baptist were calculated to underscore the differences between sacerdotal religion and personal commitment. During post-graduate studies, however, I did enroll for a course at Loyola in Chicago and audited some courses; later, at Indiana University, I also registered for a course in Thomism. There is much about Catholicism that I admire—its commitment to Christian universities and schools, its recognition of the importance of philosophy as a discipline, its production of books and other literature, its sense of heritage and history, and the impression of global presence and unity that it imparts to the casual observer.

I recall years ago having witnessed about the rewards of personal trust in Christ to an intellectual active in the Great Books discussion groups. We had both taken part in numerous public dialogues, some on radio and television. The day came when we parked by a four-lane highway and he sought the forgiveness of sins and new life in Christ. He told me that the decision between Roman Catholic or evangelical Protestant identification would be a major one for him; Protestant liberalism, he said, was a non-option. We discussed the alternatives in an earnest way. Two years later, in a Christmas card, he mentioned that he had opted for Roman Catholicism. In friendly followup I asked what consideration was decisive. He spoke of the massive unity of Catholicism, the fragmentation of evangelicals. He had attended a score of churches and pronounced this verdict: "In almost every Protestant church I visited the pastor criticized some other Protestant, but I never heard a Catholic priest attacking a fellow Catholic priest, and that sense of unity has something desirable about it." I sometimes wonder what his verdict might have been in the controversial post-Vatican Council era of Küng, Rahner, Baum and others.

I majored in philosophy in college, and later took a philosophy doctorate at Boston University. The Catholic commitment to Thomism has not commended the church's cause to me. Although I am aware that more and more Catholic intellectuals seem to restate Thomism beyond recognition, my exasperation continues. My complaint is not simply that Thomism obscures the primacy of divine revelation, or that it offers us an invalid proof of the God of the Bible, although that is

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serious enough. It is additionally that interpreters of Thomas seem to play a shell game with his arguments, so that we are too often told that "you don't understand Thomas" by those who are at odds with each other over what Thomas means. Copleston is debunked by some as a second-rate expositor, adulated by others. It is time Catholicism asked the real Thomas to stand up. It is not only Thomas' five-fold proof that disturbs me; his doctrine of analogy, or denial that we have any literally true knowledge of God, does so equally. It would be a welcome development if the spirit of Duns Scotus could feel as much at home as that of Aquinas in Catholic theology, and if the weaknesses of Thomistic analogy were candidly conceded. It would be better yet if the priority of God in his self-revelation were recognized anew, and the authority of the Bible over all ecclesiastical hierarchies openly acknowledged.

The spirit of the Vatican Council was in some respects anticipated by Gustave Weigel. Weigel and I had corresponded long before I became editor of *Christianity Today*. He had traveled Europe with ecumenical theological teams and was constantly amazed that Protestant participants debunked American evangelicals as theologically insignificant. Weigel himself had read evangelical works of which non-evangelical Protestants were ignorant. Now and then at National Council of Churches or World Council of Churches gatherings, we met as invited observers and compared notes, including the earthy fact that the neo-Protestant ecumenists had paid his way but left me to cover my own travel costs. I knew Weigel's gifts as a shrewd Catholic apologist, and he remarked on the theological power of *Christianity Today*; in those days we met periodically for lunch and dialogue in Washington, and he invited me for a major lecture and discussion hour with all the Jesuit seminarians at Woodstock. We talked freely of our agreements and differences, concentrating on issues rather than personalities. I considered his untimely death a personal loss. I have recalled elsewhere how, when we reached an impasse in one discussion, he stretched a hand across the table and rested it on mine, remarking "Carl Henry: I love you." Here was a spirit often absent from earnest doctrinal dispute, yet not the sort of sentimentality that looks to love to cover illogicalities.

It is perhaps inappropriate for me to say that windows that were opened by the Vatican Council seem to be closing again. For I was not invited as a Vatican Council observer, and *Christianity Today* consequently relied on overseas news coverage. But I did press for Catholic observers at the World Congress on Evangelism in Berlin (1966) on the premise that evangelicals stand to lose if they do not publicly exhibit their wares insofar as they traffic in authentically biblical truths and vitalities. I am impressed by the growth of evangelical interest among Catholics, more notably among the laity even than among the clergy. Not only are evangelical attitudes toward Scripture gaining a Catholic following, but significant numbers of Catholics have come into an experience of assurance of salvation and new life in Christ. Graham's crusades, and his periodic television appearances, have held remarkable appeal for Catholics at the lay level. I agree with Karl Rahner that the widening charismatic movement in Catholicism is too limited to fundamentally alter the vast religious system with all the diversities that Rome shelters and is able to absorb, and I am unconvinced also that the present evangelical awakening within Rome has the initiative and momentum to achieve any basic change. The confusion within the recent conference of bishops on global evangelism reflects in part the difficulty of reconciling sacerdotal and evangelical views of salvation.

Yet something is obviously happening to Roman Catholicism today. There is clearly a longing for renewal, but its content and objectives are variously defined. What happens at the top in hierarchically structured denominations is not in all cases directly decisive, as the Reformation will serve to remind us, but it is so in most cases. The Roman Church like Protestant

ecumenism seems on the surface to face a massive crisis of authority; for lack of a persuasive norm the outcome can only be a breakdown of faith.

In Latin America Marxist social criticism increasingly comes to the fore as the determinative theme that Catholic theology is made to sponsor, in large part as a penalty for and a reaction to the fact that on a continent where Catholicism has been the majority religion for 400 years the largest Christian sector of dire world poverty has remained untouched. Papal encyclicals often contain penetrating comments on the social and political scene, although sometimes they are broad enough to serve as Delphic oracles; yet encyclicals like other ecumenical resolutions and pronouncements do not change human desolation into creative deliverance.

In North America papal authority is rejected at the practical level by most Roman Catholics in their attitude toward birth control strictures. The demand that children of interfaith marriages be reared as Catholics is increasingly unacceptable. Vatican Council changes of tradition in worship and practice caught multitudes of Catholics of simple piety off guard; because no clear

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distinction had been inculcated between divine truth and temporary tradition, their faith in the church was placed under severe strain and many no longer accept Catholic tradition unquestioningly. On the American political scene the propriety of a Roman Catholic President is seldom any longer a question, although the increasing number of Roman Catholic congressmen (now a record of 123) will be watched by many for any reflection of ecclesiastically-oriented commitments.

The trends are almost too well known to devote space to a mere recital of them. I see no prospect, however, of fulfillment of the dream of some neo-Protestant ecumenists of one vast world church in which the Pope is recognized as first among many considered as equals. It seems to me that in another generation some neo-Protestants disenchanted over the decline of the World Council of Churches may seek organizational haven in Roman Catholicism, and that more Catholic priests who forsake celibacy for marriage will seek haven in neo-Protestant circles in order not to forfeit clerical vows. But there remains the possibility also of an evangelical awakening which will shake to its roots not only Roman Catholicism and neo-Protestantism, but the so-called evangelical Protestant establishment as well. The participation of various groups in Key 73 was more symbolically than numerically significant, but it nonetheless reflected in many places wistful longings that the Spirit of God can fan to flame on a deeper biblical basis.

All this highlights the biblical renewal movement in contemporary Catholicism as perhaps its most significant feature. For some of the most impressive works in the realm of biblical scholarship have been coming from Roman Catholic authors. Moreover, observers at World Council of Churches conferences have frequently noted how its dialogues have often been called to a consideration of basic theological themes by Catholic participants, when the neo-Protestant mood has been engrossed in the socio-political. Yet Rome, like Geneva, today shelters a vast showroom of diverse interests. Roman Catholicism is a megapolis of faith so immense that none can be sure that he may not be stroking only three or four momentarily active legs of a global centipede. Another decade may see the acceleration of initiatives long dormant or now seemingly only of secondary import.

I am on safe ground, however, when I speak not in veiled prophecies but factually of family and hearth. One of my brothers married an attractive Roman Catholic girl—which attests that the appeal of any tradition is not to be found solely in its theology—and they have a happy home and are devout communicants as far as I know (I cannot seem to prod correspondence out of them on any pretext). One of my sisters also married a Roman Catholic; faithful to the church, they raised an uninterrupted issue of offspring. When she and her husband separated, and the priests could do nothing to mend the marriage, she decided that for her that was the end of the road to Rome. After my mother's untimely death of pneumonia at the age of 49 in a cold Long Island winter, my father remarried, and once more, a Roman Catholic. He had never been interested in evangelical conversion, or for that matter, in a deeper draught of any other religion, confident as he was that infant baptism and confirmation in the German Lutheran Church carried all necessary prerogatives. Even when I visited him during serious illness, he reassured me that baptism covered it all.

The summons to my father's funeral came unexpectedly. The arrangements were all completed before my arrival, including a scheduled requiem mass in St. John's Catholic Church. No priest spoke to me, nor did I have opportunity to speak to one of the priests. The interment followed in the local Catholic cemetery. There we waited endlessly for the priest to appear for the committal; when he arrived 45 minutes late, we learned that there had been extensive debate about the propriety of burial since my father had not been baptized a Catholic, but it was nevertheless finally decided to go ahead.

When I arrived at Woodstock for my next appointment, I mentioned to Gustave Weigel that I had been to New York for the funeral of my father. "May I pray for him?" he asked—a disconcerting question to an evangelical theologian convinced that prayers for the dead are too tardy to be serviceable. But, as a stout Baptist believer in religious liberty, and halting short of solicitation, I answered, "You may"—although I confess to some uneasiness lest I may have leaned a bit on mental reservation.

Between that Long Island cemetery and a Protestant body waiting for uncertain burial, and that Woodstock lecture opportunity coupled with prayers for a Protestant soul, I sensed that Roman Catholicism is a global condominium with many diverse apartments. A Peeping Tom seldom has access to all the windows, and I am sure that if more doors were open some remarkably different chapters could be written. But it is part of my finitude that I can speak only of fleeting impressions that contemporary Catholicism has etched on the heart of far too hurried an evangelical observer.

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WOODEN ALLEN

THE SCREEN

In Woody Allen's *Love and Death*, as in Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, the first thing you have to get straight is the plot. Woody's plot, luckily, is the easier one to summarize: beneath Woody's lips his lower teeth jut forward in consternation as if he had sprained his jaw exhaling. His nose begins to redden from the base of his nostrils forward, rather than the tip backward, like some insane inversion of the effects of alcoholism. His freckles seem to turn to liver spots and his hair to grow thinner and wispier even as we watch. A forefinger with blunt-bitten nail roots in the corner of his mouth while he tries to collect his thoughts, or take up a collection to buy himself some thoughts. His eyes widen in hope, anticipation, desire, greed, determination, yearning—in short, in panic. And his eyebrows, actuated by all the strength which his inner being still has it in its power to summon, shrug.

If this plot sounds familiar, it's only because it is the same plot that all Woody Allen movies have. This is not to say that there aren't a great many episodes in this movie dealing with the Napoleonic Wars, the social evolution of Russia and the sweep of history. In fact, Woody has tried to make a parody not only of a good half dozen fat Russian novels, but of all the films of Sergei Eisenstein as well. (Woody's theme music is that which Prokofiev wrote for *Alexander Nevsky*, and at certain moments Woody alludes to Eisenstein's work by recreating key shots from his films—the bullet-shattered eyeglasses from the Odessa Steps sequence in *Potemkin*, for instance.) Indeed, Woody's parody of Russian art has almost the scope and energy of Russian art itself. But unfortunately all of that, as I was saying, is beside the point. The only real drama, and the only real comedy, is the one acted out on Woody's twitching face.

The result is that *Love and Death* is more than a little tedious at times. Woody's parody cringes, kvetches and rambles on at great length, but it is only an occasional self-interruption that is funny. When he does a take-off of the sort of monologue on death that is found in Russian novels, for example, the scene is already over before it provides a line really worth a laugh as Woody commands, in protest against his own fade-out, "Wait, I've got more on the Valley-of-the-Shadow part." In like manner, the mock-romantic intrigues of a night at the opera have nearly lost our attention when Woody begins to have hilarious trouble maneuvering his sword and scabbard through the crowded lobby. "I goosed that lady," he confides to us with a perfectly balanced mixture of apology and delight. The problem in *Love and Death* is that good moments like these come only during asides, solecisms and lapses of character.

The failed parody reminds one of Buster Keaton. In *The Three Ages* Buster tried to poke fun at Griffith's *Intolerance* as Woody has tried here, and in *Bananas*, to poke fun at Eisenstein. I suspect that Woody thinks of himself as being like Buster too. But the comparison between them is still more revealing for the differences it exposes. The fixed expression on Buster's face reflects the impassivity with which he reacts to his troubles. He reacts this way, never taking his troubles personally, because they are always external. They are imposed on him from without by circumstance or blind misfortune. What is more, the comedy is in them, in the ridiculous catastrophes that befall him and the impossible acrobatics with which he escapes from them.

In Woody's case, however, the trouble all arises from within. It is his own personality, a neurotic combination of the helpless and the querulous, that he is always trying to escape or vanquish. His own personality is the central event, the impossible dilemma, the mainspring of the plot, in his films. This is why *Love and Death* only really has a chance to be funny when Woody quits being Boris, the subject of his parody, and lapses into pure Woody again. This is also why Woody's features, unlike Buster's, are always very animated. They have to be. They are the only part of the comic action that shows, the only visible sign of what we're supposed to be laughing at. If Woody's mugging and gesticulation don't amuse you in themselves—if Woody in himself, *inside* himself, doesn't do so—then nothing in this Woody Allen movie will.

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

JAMES NEYLON

THE SUNFLOWER OF YOUR SMILE

Lassitude. Even the word
has an ooze about the
sound of it. One thinks of
turtles moving in glue.
But I think of your mind,
which is like a great sunflower.
Or your face in a
smile. Your mind behind
it, attended drowzily by bees.
Your smile absurd. Radiant.
About nothing, like a flower.
Except the bees. The flower
about the sun. Your smile
about your face the instant
before the door opens.
Framed in the doorway but not
very much about the doorway,
that smile about your face.

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A THEOLOGY FOR ARTISANS OF A NEW CHRISTENDOM

RICHARD JOHN NEUHAUS

I—The Community Called Church
II—Grace and the Human Condition
III—The Sacraments Today
IV—Our Idea of God
V—Evolution and Guilt

Orbis, $6.95 each, paper $3.95

The five volumes of Juan Luis Segundo's "A Theology for Artisans of a New Humanity" offer us the most comprehensive exposition of Latin American liberation theology to date. While not as coherent as Gustavo Gutierrez's *A Theology of Liberation* and some other works, Segundo's enterprise is more ambitious in both its reach and methodology. The five volumes emerge from as many years of dialogical (some might say dialectical) process at the Peter Faber Center in Montevideo. A major part of Christian faith is presented by Segundo, then revised in light of several days extensive exchange with lay people and clerics, and finally expanded with documentation and "clarifications" that attempt to respond to questions raised.

It is an intriguing exercise in the doing of theology. While there is no evidence the group challenges the basic directions posited by the leader, he is forced to address problems he might not have anticipated in his solitude. Some find the result engagingly complex and nuanced, others find it simply confused. In any case, many North Americans, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, have welcomed liberation theology in general and Segundo in particular as a desperately needed transfusion for our anemic religious thought. For some, embracing liberation theology is yet another way of identifying with the Third World, as they say.

Segundo himself begins by distinguishing his "new type of theology" from a theology that treats "the avatars of a doctrine laden with the accumulations of twenty centuries." His is not, he says, a conventional theology so much as it is a statement of "faith-in-crisis." Nine hundred pages later (893 to be precise) he expresses the hope that what has been said might contribute to the whole Church and indeed "to the positive evolution of humanity." "We in our poverty, and precisely because we are poor, may have something new and worthwhile to say. That at least may serve as our excuse." Between these winsome statements of modesty at the start and at the end, Segundo exhibits few inhibitions in assaulting most of the problems that have preoccupied Christian thought for near two thousand years.

In writing a theology for "the new type of human being" now emerging, Segundo has, says John C. Bennett, gone far "in transcending the differences between Catholicism and Protestantism." He has gone that far and much further. Segundo affirms, with a sense of fresh discovery, the battle-wearied Protestant dichotomies between the priestly and prophetic, the cultic and the ethical, the institutional and the functional, the called and the elect. He buys into the left wing of Reformation thought in his emphasis upon the Church as an "aristocracy" of true believers (here belief is of course "orthopraxis") against the notion of a Church encompassing the masses (I,90f.). At other points he is emphatically Barthian in opposing "religion" to "Christian faith." While always invoking statements of the Roman Catholic magisterium, Segundo substantively aligns himself with themes characteristic of Protestantism far to the left of Calvinism, not to mention Lutheranism. Although he may add little to the development of these themes, his is a useful demonstration of how malleable are the pronouncements of the magisterium, especially those issuing from Vatican II.

Like some in the 16th century and many since, there is for Segundo no salvation apart from the establishment of the earthly city. Ecumenism must therefore reach beyond ecclesial boundaries to all who are engaged in that task. Segundo affirms a more or less inexorable process of secularization, citing Harvey Cox and others in support of an analysis that seems increasingly untenable with regard to the developed countries and almost totally implausible in the Third World (I,94f.). The fellowship which is the true body of Christ (II,105) is seen to include all who are committed to the struggle of liberation, for faith depends not upon a person's "religious situation"—whether or not he calls himself a Christian, for example—but upon "service to man" (II,112). The universality of the gospel means not a proclamation to be shared but simply that the grace which the gospel declares is already present in all efforts toward humanization (V,96). This raises difficult, and largely neglected, questions about why it is important to be part of the community that explicitly celebrates the gospel, unless of course one is Christian by accident of life circumstance.

Segundo's hope is to help Christians "justify" their faith in view of the questions being asked by the world (I,viii and throughout). The notion that the world's agenda should be challenged by Christian faith is not entertained. One would not know from Segundo that the truth claims of Christianity throw the world's questions into question. Admit-

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tedly, for Segundo the world is always selectively defined as the elite that has through consciousness-raising broken with the illusions of the masses. This is the "new type of human being" in service to whom Christian faith must be justified.

At one point (III,48) Segundo challenges the notion that "the modern mind" has no place for the transcendent. At another (III,91-92) he movingly affirms, contra John "Honest to God" Robinson, his need for an I-Thou relationship with a Christ that is more than the depth of his own being. But this seems to be a personal and even private need rather than social and programmatic. In any case, it is hard to square with the insistence that "the absolute" has been completely "integrated into the active work of liberation." There is no other epiphany of God (II,-163; III,16f). The doctrine of the Trinity means that "God is society" (III, 66). Not just society in general but the society we struggle to become. What has been revealed is "God's plan for the universe. And this plan is strictly social." The revealed goal is "a society in which each individual person directs his creative potentialities toward the common good." (V,111).

Lest that seem too general, Segundo makes clear that the society he, and presumably God, have in mind was defined by the Medellin conference of 1968 (III,15f). (Although the latter volumes were written considerably after Medellin, Segundo nowhere comes to terms with the eupthoric and mistaken assumptions of 1968 that Latin America was in a pre-revolutionary situation—assumptions brutally discredited by subsequent events.) Such a society requires a break from capitalism, indeed this break is necessary if we are to "know God" (III,36). The evolution that is "God's plan for the universe" calls for liberation from every bondage of the masses, for "mass man is sin" (V,38).

The whole of the life of the Christian community can be "justified" only in terms of its being instrumental to this liberation struggle (IV,7,20). The sacraments are meaningful *"solely"* (emphasis his) in terms of contributing to community building (IV,38). The meaning of the sacrifice of the mass, for example, is discovered in sacrificial commitment to the cause, as exemplified by Karl Marx and others (IV,36). Any notion of the sacraments that is not justified within this functionalist framework is, quite simply and devastatingly, "magic" (IV,60,61). Since the sacraments are legitimated by being instruments of "consciousness-raising" (IV,-111), it remains unclear why other techniques of group dynamics might not serve better than these quaint rites of bread and wine and water and words from a distant past. The answer would seem to be that, while effective grace is available to all and manifest in the liberation struggle, Christians still have a particular need for the ritual signs to which they have grown accustomed (IV 79,101). It is a kind of weakness which other liberation fighters have either outgrown or never needed. Similarly, the theological tradition of the Church is useful, at least for people who happen to be Christians, in shoring up commitment to the struggle (I,xi). It remains unclear why, or even if, the life and teachings of the Church should have any claim on *public* attention. The argument comes close to suggesting that the best the Christian hopes for is acceptance as a comrade by those who are advancing "God's plan for the universe."

A popular book in France these days is entitled *Toward a Partisan Church*. That goal of liberation theology appears also in Segundo, although not without some hesitation. Clearly evident in the five volumes is either a development in Segundo's thought on this question or a changing estimate of what is tactically appropriate to say. In the first volume (I,78-88) we are told the doctrine of the Church should not be so devised as to exclude from the Christian community those who are not part of the liberation struggle. By the third (III,78,79) we are informed it is foolish to try to hold the Church together, as though it were possible to keep in the body of Christ those who oppose what God is doing in the world. The tempo increases in the fourth (IV,10). "Clearly enough the Church is not an army or a political party," but just as clearly it is not possible to maintain "communion" among people who "think and do things that are completely different or even opposed to each other." Such communion in the sacramental realm is an illusion that causes the Church "to lose any and all specific import or signification." Finally all wraps are removed and Segundo urges the Church in Latin America to throw its declining resources unequivocally on the side of the revolution while there is still time and not to worry about false and distracting notions of Christian unity (IV, 132f.).

To Segundo's credit, he acknowledges, at least in a brief aside (III,132), that there may be problems once the revolution is successful. If the Church's task is to debunk all stereotypes of the establishment, there may come a time "when this course comes into conflict with the direct effectiveness of the revolutionary movement." His touching hope is that "the revolution and its leaders will manage to maintain sufficient breadth of outlook to appreciate and preserve" the critical role of the Church. The Church will have made friends of Mammon while there was still time and will therefore, presumably, not be cast aside when its role is no longer convenient to the new rulers. If this happens, writes Segundo, "then Church and social change will have taken a considerable step forward." Or backward, as the case may be, toward the re-establishment of Christendom on a quite new basis.

Segundo's understanding of the modern state seems naively indifferent to the state's self-aggrandizing dynamics. We are told (I,96) that the Church in its present form should eschew political power and should generally remove itself from institutional forms of social influence for the sake of "pluralism." In the absence of insti-

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tutionalized countervailing forces, however, experience tells us that state power quickly precludes the possibility of genuine pluralism. What appears to be the confusion (others say dialectic) in Segundo's thought at this point is illuminated by Gutierrez's more candid discussion of the "two planes" notion in *A Theology of Liberation*. The "two planes" idea, separating the spiritual from the political, was important to liberationists, writes Gutierrez, when the Church's political intervention was almost always on the side of the oppressers. However, now that the Church can be more often enlisted on the side of the liberation struggle, the two planes concept must be discredited and the Church's political intervention encouraged. Thus it is not a question of the theology of the Church but of revolutionary tactics as to how the Church should relate to the political order (I recognize that my assertion of the distinction between theology and tactics is the nub of the difference between myself and some liberation theologies). That Segundo seems less ready than Gutierrez to abandon the two planes concept thus inviting confusion in his readers, is curious in view of his less sophisticated and less critical understanding of revolutionary potential in Latin America. But a comparison of all the differences between Segundo, Gutierrez and other liberation theologians in Latin America would take us too far afield.

One of the strongest points of most theologies of liberation is the insistence upon the unity of history. That is, history is not dichotomized between "salvation history" and "ordinary history," between redemptive history and secular change. All history is redemptive history. In the light of this characteristic insistence, Segundo's treatment of history is curious in the extreme. He seems to embrace a notion of history without history, that is, history without real historical change. This is most striking in his treatment of the history of the Church and of Christian thought. From the Bible through the early fathers and councils through Medellin 1968, obvious contradictions in Christian thought are glossed over and the "deep continuity" fervently stressed (I,23f). Conflicts are explained away in terms of what fathers or popes or councils "really meant." This "creative use" of the tradition—others might say exploitation of the tradition—offers infinite possibilities in support of the liberationist tasks at hand.

"Mere facts," writes Segundo, must be enlisted in the service of higher interpretations (III,89). Even Augustine, whose dismal prognosis for the city of man makes him an unlikely recruit to liberation theology, is regularly invoked, and even the most other-worldly papal pronouncements are readily rehabilitated under the sponsorship of Segundo's thorough historical revisionism. Only at one point (IV,117) does he acknowledge the existence of conflict in statements of the magisterium. That conflict has to do with Vatican II and will, it is assumed, soon be reconciled. Such reconciliation is made the easier by the fact that the whole tradition must, at least for Latin Americans, be interpreted in the light of Medellin (III,15). In a typically Protestant fashion, Segundo views the New Testament Church as normative for our day and, leapfrogging with great alacrity back and forth across the centuries, discovers, not surprisingly, that the Bible anticipates precisely his understanding of the Church's mission in 20th century Latin America.

History-less history is of course exceedingly convenient. But it is more than a matter of convenience. Segundo asserts again and again that history is essentially an evolution of interpretations rather than a succession of events. Facts that conflict with the higher interpretation are dismissed not simply because they are inconvenient but because they are false. Indeed that which hinders the work of liberation is by definition false (IV,54).

"God's plan for the universe" is essentially an evolution of interpretations. Sin is, quite simply, everything that gets in the way of that evolution (V,27). Yet sin is essential as the dialectical negative that gives birth to new interpretations (V,84). To paraphrase the Easter Vigil: "O felix culpa, that has given birth to such a mighty Revolution!" Since this dialectic is so often appealed to by Segundo, it is disappointing but not atypical, that near the end of his project he notes that the concept of dialectic "is very much in fashion but also extremely vague." He says he does not use dialectic in the conventional Hegelian or Marxist sense, but to define it more clearly "is not part of our purpose here." (V, 130) Such an admission after he himself has used the term hundreds of times leads to the perhaps uncharitable suspicion that "dialectical interpretation" is but a rhetorical flourish to cover the evasion of problematic conflicts in historical fact.

Since liberation theology is often seen as the more politicized version of the "theology of hope," one of the most stunning absences in Segundo's work is that of any sense of eschatological change still to be expected. The future is that of evolving interpretations, not the breaking in of new events of divine initiative (III,42.) There is continuing revelation, but it is contained, at least implicitly, in the liberation worldview now espoused (I,19). The future is not a matter of eschatological arrival but of evolutionary unfolding. The hoped-for impingement of events "from the outside" or divine action in history is dismissed as magic (IV,63). "If some sort of secret 'magic' did exist at some point, then Jesus Christ was the last and ultimate 'magician.' He turned us back again to human tasks and human efficacies because he not only offered but really gave us everything we need from God." (IV,23). Segundo's notion of grace, reiterated at many points, is that grace means that we now have everything. No longer need the Church pray, "Maranatha! Even so, come Lord Jesus!" Our prayer, if indeed we need pray, is simply for the higher interpretation which is in fact Jesus in our time. And, because the absolute has been completely "integrated" into the work of liberation, we must of course answer our own prayer. In short, the culmination of Segundo's history-less history is the relentless exclusion of

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hope for the coming of the Kingdom of God as the eschatological fulfillment of history.

"He went to the door, opened it and said to Him: 'Go, and come no more . . . Come not at all, never, never!'" Thus Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor dismisses Our Lord after that long night in prison. Segundo himself cites the Grand Inquisitor as representing the idea of the Church that must be repudiated. Yet the yearning for Christendom dies slowly. And Christendom can assume many forms—revolutionary and establishmentarian, left and right, spiritual and, yes, secular. "The Absolute enters the world of man in such a way that he does not take over possession of it; instead he places himself at the disposal of every man, *and each man becomes absolute in turn*" (III,27, emphasis added). What is salvation? Segundo affirms with Paul Lehmann, "Salvation is maturity." (ibid) Salvation is the maturity that no longer needs, can no longer tolerate, interference "from outside." The Magician has paid his last visit. "Go, and come no more."

In his great book on the investiture controversy of the 11th century, Gerd Tellenbach writes, "There was, in the eyes of the Gregorians [Gregory VII], no antinomy between the religious and the secular life. On the contrary, their fundamental conviction was that the world is the testing-ground of religion." And so also says Segundo; the Church, its teaching and its life, must be justified solely by its contribution to building a new social order, a new social order of rather specific definition.

There is room neither for outside intervention nor for truth independent of the liberation struggle. "Any orthodoxy that does not essentially point toward orthopraxy is magical" (IV64). "The only truth is the truth that is efficacious for man's liberation" (IV,54). Or, as it was stated in an older ideology of Christendom, error has no rights.

Yearning for Christendom is the ever present temptation for Christian existence. Weary of the pilgrimage, we want to "get it all together" *now*. Christendom in whatever form is the premature synthesis by which we resolve the scandal of a horrifying and still incomplete history, and premature synthesis is another name for idolatry. Christendom is the refusal to live tentatively in the courage of our uncertainties, vulnerable to a future revelation which can alone vindicate what we are and do. Christendom is a substitute for the search for the Kingdom of God.

Christendom ideology, whether in sacred or secular terminology, is always the same. It is way of "settling in" to a history for which we dare not settle. It is a way of putting the world together so that Christian existence is coordinated with existing social, political and economic realities, whether those realities be established in power or exist only in revolutionary intent. Christendom is an act of closure, a desperate and finally futile bid for invulnerability against the judgment of the future, against the judgment of the Absolute Future who is God.

In its secularized version, Christendom is described as *Humanum*dom. But the ideological structure is the same, since Christ, the absolute, is in fact *humanum*. There can, by definition, be no transcendent referent by which the struggle for liberation, however envisioned, can be criticized. For Gregory VII that struggle was absolutely embodied in the Church led by the papacy, for another it is absolutely embodied in the liberation movement led by the revolutionary aristocracy. For both the desire is to get it all together before God himself has gotten it all together. Its emergence in presumably radical form only demonstrates that the lust for Christendom dies very hard indeed. "Go, and come to more." "Maranatha! Come, Lord Jesus!"

* * *

A Note: It may be protested that I have made too systematic Segundo's sprawling and often ambiguous work. In trying to give his argument greater coherence, I have tried to be fair to his stated themes and have drawn the conclusions I believe to be necessary, even though they be unwelcome. The Latin American liberation theologians must be taken seriously. Although a small minority, their influence is great in a large part of the Christian community. Taking them seriously means that we should not condescendingly indulge them because they are "the voice of the poor," nor celebrate them as revolutionaries with whom we may sympathize. Taking them seriously means to respect and encounter them—and to disagree with them—as the theologians they claim to be and indeed are.

SR. MARY ELLEN DOUGHERTY, S.S.N.D.

THE HONEYCOMB

This oak is absolute with winter.
A harsh and unremitting storm has cleansed it
of illusion. There remains, however, one fierce
comfort for the eye: a beehive, passive and
suspect, attached to a debatable branch.

Are there inside this cluster of cells
tunnels of honey and wax
brooding combs and the corpse of a drone
expelled in autumn to starve? Is there
in a chamber safe from the margins of death, a queen
remembering her nuptial flight, when she
in rapid succession of mating on mate, saw
each die in the act?

At my window I recall the storm.
In the remnants of an east coast hurricane I ask
what kind of integrity sustains this honeycomb?

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IN THE BEGINNING THERE WAS ROSS . . . .

GEORGE WOODCOCK

Here at the New Yorker

BRENDAN GILL

Random House, $12.95

Thurber: A Biography

BURTON BERNSTEIN

Dodd Mead, $15

It is hard to think of an internationally read and celebrated magazine that, in many of its aspects, is more localized than *The New Yorker*. From the beginning it has been an intimate voice—though not of course the only one—of a great city. But that great city happened, during the most important years of the magazine that bore its name, to become for a while the leading center of world culture. In the far away days of the Twenties, when Harold Ross emerged as a bear of letters out of rustic fastnesses to found—almost out of a hatred of sophistication—one of the age's most sophisticated periodicals, New York was still a relatively humble third in comparison with Paris and London. By no means all American writers then recognized it as their cultural center, and the great postwar trek to Europe (which Wilde had anticipated years before with his quip that all good Americans go to Paris when they die) had emphasized its unattractiveness at that time in comparison with the major European capitals. Better, then, to imagine one was starving in the Quartier Latin than to know one was prospering in Manhattan!

But by the peak age of *The New Yorker*—Ross's last decade and Shawn's first—the situation had changed; between the end of World War II and the mid-sixties, the lights of La Ville Lumière had notably dimmed and London was finding that Angry Young Men were also Dull Young Men; then the most dazzling work in literature, in painting, in the theater, seemed to radiate from a New York that had gathered to itself an astonishing number of the surviving talents of the shattered Old World.

In such a setting *The New Yorker* burnt with a brilliant if not exactly a gem-like flame, and it became one of the vehicles by which native-born Americans demonstrated that the great war renaissance on the western shore of the Atlantic was not merely a matter of acquired émigré talent, for surprisingly few of the important writers and artists who created and sustained the journal were born beyond American boundaries. Indeed it was an important role of *The New Yorker* to sustain American writers—like Edmund Wilson and James Thurber, John Updike and John Cheever, Truman Capote and E. B. White, Dorothy Parker and John O'Hara—who became respected figures in world literary estimation.

There are less dramatic but equally striking ways in which, remaining firmly rooted in its local soil, *The New Yorker* laid its mark not merely on North American journalism, but also on the whole North American middlebrow way of thinking (and here I am including Canada as well as the United States). Two months ago, when a staff writer from a Toronto magazine proposed to write a kind of long critical-personal piece on me, he called it "a Profile," and I remembered that Ross at *The New Yorker* was the originator of that special kind of interim biography which fills the space between the interview article and the book-length life. And a month before that, when one of my books received a favorable short notice in *The New Yorker*, I was astonished, by the number of phone calls I received, to realize that even among Canadian academics such an accolade was worth more than—for example—the two-page review in the London *Times Educational Supplement*, which aroused perhaps one-tenth of the attention of three column inches in *The New Yorker*.

The balance of the local and the universal, the evanescent and the timeless; perhaps that is the true model not only for good journalism (to which *The New Yorker* has always remained dedicated) but also for those excursions into fields of wider interest (so notably exemplified in, say, Edmund Wilson's essays and Shirley Jackson's stories and Theodore Roethke's poems) that have brought *The New Yorker* a sustained readership not only outside the metropolis but even outside the country. In this direction, with its in-depth investigations and its many-parted profiles as well as with its fiction and poetry, *The New Yorker* has carried on admirably the tradition of journalism for more than the passing day that began with the great English and Scottish quarterlies more than a century and a half ago. Yet this magazine in which Hazlitt and Lamb might have found a congenial place has still remained a useful weekly journal of events and affairs for culturally-minded Americans of New York and the seaboard states.

How has it all been done? How has this journal of conservative appearance, whose outdated and obstructive layout often exasperate one to the point of almost—but never finally—canceling one's subscription, carried on so well for so long? The two books I am reviewing, both written by men who have spent years in *The New Yorker* office as staff writers, are interesting principally for the insight they give into the actual creative mechanisms that have sustained *The New Yorker*.

What Brendan Gill reveals in *Here at The New Yorker* is likely to tell writers on the outside much about why they have never been on the inside. For it becomes clear that, under both Ross

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and the more literarily inclined Shawn, *The New Yorker* was always run like a modified newspaper office. Most of the work, even by writers we consider figures in their own right, has been done in the shabby little cubicles on the spot, and the journal has been sustained—despite internal feuds and jealousies—by the kind of *esprit de corps* that comes from habitual association in the same place. One realizes, reading this often appealing account of people whose names have become familiar over the years, how deeply *The New Yorker* is set in the physical landscape of hotels and bars and streets where its writers have lived and drunk and worked together. In some ways it reminds one of the small, physically tight literary worlds of Johnson's London and Baudelaire's Paris, and certainly it has resulted in a magazine cohesive in form, idiosyncratic in character and unexpectedly sustained in its level of journalism.

At the same time, it is surprising how few *New Yorker* stars have turned out good book writers. *The New Yorker* profile tends to take on a relaxed, unstructured form which rambles sympathetically through the advertisement-broken pages of the magazine, but which seems limp and unurgent within the covers of a book. There is the same kind of limpness about Brendan Gill's book, which is really a series of anecdotes and personal sketches loosely connected by a running account of the two editors, Ross and Shawn. Anyone wanting to mine it for a history of American literary manners or New York journalism will find it useful, but in general it is marred not only by prolixity but also by the irritatingly self-complacent persona that Brendan Gill projects.

Thurber's persona, as projected by Gill, is unpleasant, and it is hardly more attractive in Burton Bernstein's biography, *Thurber*. Bernstein also was a staff writer at *The New Yorker*, but his prose suggests that little rubbed off. "Thurber had just simply forgot about it." "Maybe he was just starting to wise up." "It was all a barrel of laughs for a while." Typical sentences, these, in a book that is never more than plodding and trivial. Bernstein has little idea of the biographer's craft and pads his book tediously by letting his subject ramble for page after page of uninteresting and self-pitying letters.

The real fact is that Thurber, as pathetic as he was unattractive, was one of those artists who were interesting mainly for their work and whose lives make poor reading even in the best circumstances. The final effect of Bernstein's book is not to enhance one's esteem of Thurber, but to deepen one's doubts of his ultimate significance. When a rival artist once complained to Ross that his work had been put aside for drawings by that "fifth-rater" Thurber, Ross replied judiciously, "No, third-rater!" One might amend this upwards, for the whole of Thurber's work, to second-rater. His was the fate of the humorist who pushes his special faculty too far. Like the spiritualist medium who has to fake when the psychic gift fails to work, the professional humorist has to make bogus jokes when the real ones will not come, and for this reason writers who try to sustain a reputation for being funny over a long period usually produce work of declining quality. With the one exception of Twain (and even he grew shaky towards the end), the great humorists have been those, like Lewis Carroll and Edward Lear, whose output has been small but choice. Even Wilde was completely successful in only one of his plays, and Thurber was no Wilde. Perhaps he can best be compared with Stephen Leacock, who filled the gaps between his genuinely inspired passages of wit with a complacent facetiousness which he standardized and could fit in like prefabricated units. There is much of Thurber that today seems prefabricated and given a little cosmetic treatment to make it seem individual.

Thurber had to endure many blows of fate, and, posthumously, not the least will be Bernstein's *Thurber*. One can question whether a biography by another hand is necessary in view of the fanciful biography Thurber provided for himself, which was a great deal more interesting than his real life. But one can also exclaim over the bitter chance that provides a humorist, even of the second class, with a biographer who writes as if he had never laughed.

In Cuba

ERNESTO CARDENAL

New Directions. $10.50

Inside Cuba

JOE NICHOLSON, JR.

Sheed & Ward, $8.95

THOMAS A. DINE

Sixteen years since Batista was forced to flee from Cuba and Castro and his Sierra Maestra companions triumphed, the Revolution is working well for the Cuban people.

This conclusion is shared by a variety of North and South American travelers. Recent newspaper descriptions by Mankiewicz and Jones, Shaw, Morgan, and Cooney reinforce the 1973 observations of *New York Post* reporter Joe Nicholson, Jr., that the Cuban government's efforts at economic development are solid and significant. "The Cubans are doing it by work."

Ernesto Cardenal, the Nicaraguan poet-priest, writes eloquently and in depth about the Revolution, talking and debating with dissimilar people as well as comparing notes with other Latin intellectuals serving on the jury for the 1972 House of the Americas poetry contest. Cardenal's interviews and observations, although sometimes repetitive, provide a clear and engaging portrait of contemporary Cuba. For the sake of accuracy, the two books under review should switch titles.

Equality is the Revolution's most important ingredient. Cuba's citizens have the right to a decent job, wages sufficient to cover basic needs, an equal share of rationed food and clothes, inexpensive housing, free health care, and free education. Cardenal observed Havana: "Here I see the immense joy of a metropolis without poor people, without misery. And the joy of everybody being equal." "I work hard," Gilberto the driver told Nicholson, "but at least I know that everyone else

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does too and we all live equally."

Ending economic and social misery on a wholesale basis, the constitution of Cuba's new freedom, is the Revolution's most significant result. No longer is the society inflicted from head to toe with the cancer of poverty, with the decadence and moral degradation that were Havana's fame. Both authors record how the Cuban nation is better able than ever in its tortuous history to meet the basic needs of the Cuban people. Nowhere else in Latin America can governments come close to claiming that for their citizens. Nowhere else in Latin America have common laborers gained such respect and felt such a strong sense of personal pride. "The idle person used to occupy a place of honor in Cuban society," Castro recalled, "now that place is occupied by the workingman, and that is what the Revolution has meant."

Cardenal compares favorably two radical revolutions, Cuba's and early Christianity's. The words from the "Magnificat" of Luke apply to both. "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree." Cuba stresses the values of sacrifice, heroism, working for the community. Cardenal quotes the Catholic poet Eliseo Diego, "Cuba was the first country . . . to help Peru during its catastrophe. It's really funny here in Cuba, there's a scarcity of everything, but when it's a question of giving help, we give away what we don't even have."

Cubans interviewed believe they eat, work, and rest better than they did before the Revolution; the vast majority of the country's nine million wholeheartedly support Castro and his hopes. Still embodying the spirit of the new beginning, the Revolution fits Cardenal's conception of justice. "In Cuba the new name of charity is Revolution."

What is the situation of the Cuban Church? How does it enter the Revolution's spiritual lifestream? A local poet and skeptic of the government's centralized rule told Cardenal that "the Church committed suicide" a long time ago. Others informed him, "Priests do not have a good image" in Cuba. "The clergy before the Revolution were evil: bourgeois, retrogressive, Batistan." Now there are few young men in the Church because "in Cuba there are very few priests who are attractive to young people."

Father Cespedes told his Nicaraguan counterpart, the Marxists "did what we Christians should have done, and we didn't do it." A 17-year-old from a petit-bourgeois family explains, "Many things that we read about in the Bible are things that they (the revolutionaries) are doing." A lay theologian tells Cardenal, "What atheists least like about Catholics is their lack of vitality. And that they don't participate, they don't share their things like revolutionaries, they are not loving." The Papal Nuncio said Fidel is "ethically a Christian."

Celebrating mass in Havana, Cardenal gave a sermon denouncing the desire for money. He preached, "At least, you can give thanks to God that here there are no longer any rich men. Elsewhere there still exists the contradiction that there are rich Christians and a rich Church." Listeners were outraged or indignant. But for Cardenal, the Cuban people are "living the ideal of evangelical poverty, together with equality and fraternity, and Christians ought to be the first to defend this system."

Enrique Lopez Oliva, a Communist who studied with Castro at the Jesuit school in Belen, said that last year "for the first time in a pastoral letter, the bishops condemned the blockade," although doing so rather gently. "But there were priests who, even so, refused to read the letter and there were faithful who walked out during the reading, furious because the Church was 'taking the side of Communism.' The error of Catholics was to identify Christianity with anti-Communism." The Cuban Church resists Castro; Cardenal believes the institution is an anachronism.

Over the last generation the United States has consistently failed to understand revolutionary situations. Washington remains unable or unwilling to deal with the new Cuba as it is. But, paradoxically, the anti-Castro policy helps the Revolution. The hostility of five Presidents and their ministers of national security has strengthened Castro's rule and role. He thrives on the David-Goliath confrontation. "It's been his ace in the hole," reports Nicholson, "always available to inspire nationalist loyalty for the Revolution and cajole countless hours of volunteer work."

Eisenhower's destabilization policy, still in effect, has provided a strong impetus to the Cuban people to make the Revolution work. "The blockade has been defeated," a fishing port director told Nicholson, "because of the efforts of Cuban workers. It has taught us to work for ourselves, to lift ourselves up."

What benefits have accrued to the U.S. because of the diplomatic and economic wall it has built around the island? No economic or political advantages. Washington's relations with OAS members are at a low ebb; Cuba is being reincorporated into the Latin community without the U.S.; Japan just extended export credits to Cuba. Communism doesn't go away; the Soviet Union underwrites the regime, the latest development being the agreement to dovetail Cuba's new five-year plan with that of Moscow.

The worst effect of Washington's desire to destroy Castro has been to unlink America from its traditional values. Cardenal quotes a Catholic teenager, "every night we hear the Voice of America, and the ones who always talk are those who have left Cuba, and I've noticed that they always say: 'I left because there are no nylons, because there are no good beauty parlors, because there aren't any good shoes, because you can't get any butter.' Never, really never, have I hear anyone say: 'I left because there is no freedom.'"

Cuba arouses an irrationality that saps America's interest in maintaining democratic political principles. The Bay of Pigs invasion permanently scarred the New Frontier. Politicians and groups promote plots to assassinate Castro. The assassination in Dallas, as-

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sociated with the Cuba controversy, is a tragedy from which the U.S. has *not* recovered. LBJ feared "another Cuba" and invaded nearby Santo Domingo. Counterrevolutionary Cubans whom Cubans label as *gusanos*, literally *worms*, wage war against Castro from the eastern seaboard and Gulf of Mexico area. And most recent is the Cuban connection to Watergate, starting with the role of burglar Eugenio R. Martinez, whom the CIA now acknowledges was receiving a $100 a month retainer as a Miami operative. When will Washington look out from its national security shield and see its integrity diminishing, and the same with the liberty of its own citizens?

What lies ahead for Cuba? The guerrilla warfare mentality of Sierra Maestra has not ended for Comandante Fidel Castro. Indeed, the analogue of war comes up over and over again in his speeches and banners. He says he still wears a uniform and a beard because he is still at war, promising to cut it off the day that all the promises of the Revolution are fulfilled. Cintio Viter, a Cuban Catholic poet, told Cardenal "over and over again Fidel keeps assaulting Moncada." This spirit is infectious; it creates believers and has produced astounding results in a short time.

"I came back to help the Revolution and I didn't care what standard of living I had," Julio Martin, a construction worker who once lived in Brooklyn said. "Here you work to construct something for the future."

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REVIEWERS

GEORGE WOODCOCK is the well-known Canadian writer, editor and critic. His most recent book is *Who Killed the British Empire?* (Quadrangle/New York Times).

THOMAS A. DINE is a Fellow at Harvard's Kennedy Institute of Politics.

ELIZABETH KNIES is a writer and poet living in Maine. Some of her poems appeared in the spring edition of the *Hudson Review*.

FATHER DAVID TRACY, an associate professor at the University of Chicago Divinity School, is the author of *Blessed Rage for Order* (Seabury).

High Windows
PHILIP LARKIN
Farrar, Straus, $6.95

Quartered
SAMUEL HAZO
U. of Pittsburgh Press, $6.95

Ordinary Things
JEAN VALENTINE
Farrar, Straus, $8.95

Collected Poems 1930-1973
MAY SARTON
Norton, $10

ELIZABETH KNIES

Impassively gazing out from the jacket photo of *High Windows*, Philip Larkin looks the part of the middle-aged librarian he is. He is also, however, one of the two or three most highly regarded practitioners of verse in Britain today. *High Windows* is his first book to appear in ten years.

I use the word practitioner deliberately, because Larkin's verse is so polished and worked, the message so civilized, resigned and world-weary, that it calls for a special kind of appreciation. The adherence to meter and rhyme, the dry witticisms, the tolerant weariness verging on despair—these are the qualities that Larkin's admirers most admire.

It is not that his observations are callous; but they are, even when about himself, somewhat aloof, like a good reporter's coverage of a rather depressing event.

Two commissioned occasional poems, "Going, Going" and "The Explosion," are exemplary of his complete technical control. The longer poems "To the Sea," "The Old Fools," "The Building," and "Show Saturday" develop their subjects in long, slow-moving lines. Shorter pieces, equally controlled, sometimes use a comic doggerel, as in "This Be The Verse":

They fuck you up, your mum and dad.
They may not mean to, but they do.
They fill you with the faults they had
And add some extra, just for you.

It would be wrong to imply that highly skilled, punctilious versifying is all there is to Larkin, since poems like "Dublinesque," "Sad Steps," and "Friday Night in the Royal Station Hotel" prove there is more. What the "more" is, is hard to say—perhaps it is just that some poems allow more of a glimpse of the man of flesh and blood beneath the disciplinarian. I would like to quote "High Windows" in its entirety, because it is the most far-reaching poem in this current collection and shows Larkin at the height of his powers.

HIGH WINDOWS

When I see a couple of kids
And guess he's fucking her and she's
taking pills or wearing a diaphragm,
I know this is paradise

Everyone old has dreamed of all their lives—
Bonds and gestures pushed to one side
Like an outdated combine harvester
And everyone young going down the long slide

To happiness, endlessly. I wonder if
Anyone looked at me, forty years back,
And thought, *That'll be the life;*
No God any more, or sweating in the dark

About hell and that, or having to hide
What you think of the priest. He
And his lot will all go down the long slide
Like free bloody birds. And immediately

Rather than words comes the thought of high windows:
The sun-comprehending glass.
And beyond it, the deep blue air,

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that shows
Nothing and is nowhere, and is
endless.

The transition from the vernacular of the opening stanza to the middle section with its curious dis-illusioned remarks about shifting standards of morality, hardly prepares the reader for the breathtaking ending, as apocalyptic, in its way, as the ending of Auden's "Limestone Landscape." I wonder if the unsmiling stoic of the jacket photograph would be pleased by the comparison.

Samuel Hazo is director of the successful International Poetry Forum and a professor at Duquesne University. *Quartered*, his sixth book of poems and possibly his best, is so called for the cardinal points of the compass (reminiscent of Elizabeth Bishop's *North & South*). In the book's title poem another meaning is divulged—that the writer feels himself being drawn and quartered by four identities, until he is left

holding
on, holding my bones
together.
Still holding.

Each of the book's four sections is captioned with a short quote from the poem "Quartered" and with a few words excerpted from a poem within the section. This gives the book a certain feeling of structure, though personally I feel it was not particularly necessitated (or justified) by the material. The poems are all about Hazo, and it is clear that his schizophrenia is not acute. Rather, what emerges is a portrait of a reflective, somewhat self-centered man who writes candidly about his experiences.

There are recurring themes—awareness of time as the balance tips away from youth, as in "Breakfasting with Sophomores":

When I was what you are, the
world
was every place I'd yet to go.
Nothing near, now or here meant
more than something anywhere
tomorrow.

Today, the ratio's reversed.

and of the metamorphosis of old into new selves:

To live
you leave your yesterselves
to drown without a funeral.
("The First and Only Sailing")

The strength of Hazo's poetry is in his wry, clear, and sometimes very beautiful use of language. The skeletons of his poems are fleshed and muscled with not one ounce of excess weight. Lines move down the page in clear progression and with often arresting images. "Burning" ends:

The hunter's buck rides home
across the fender of a truck
his mountain eyes glazed open
to the ice, his life a clotting
trickle lacing from one nostril.

Ordinary Things is Jean Valentine's third book of poems. The title is taken from the poem "Twenty Days' Journey" by the contemporary Dutch poet Huub Oosterhuis, translated by Jean Valentine with Judith Herzberg, that occupies the central portion of the book.

Chalk lines still mark the floor
just where you stood. Our shoulders touched.
I was afraid. You were just saying
ordinary things.

These oddly haunting lines convey the far-from-ordinary atmosphere of the whole book. Most of the poems are short. The writing is spare and precise; the meanings elusive, suggestive, personal. Images float freely, forming their own associations.

In "After Elegies," a beautiful, enigmatic poem, images work by simple juxtaposition:

We notice things
differently: a child's handprint in
a clay plate, a geranium,
aluminum
balconies rail to rail, the car
horns of a wedding . . .

Similarly, in "Fidelities," fragmentary

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— **Harvey G. Cox, Divinity School, Harvard University**

"Nose-counting, or in this case tongue-counting, of Catholic Pentecostals here becomes a fine art, thanks to Father Fichter's gift for listening and heart for being fair. The portrait emerges of a movement that is heterodoxically orthodox, routinely spontaneous, critically loyal, fervently ordered, and rich in both problems and promise for the Church."
— **Martin E. Marty, University of Chicago**

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jottings convey a whole fabric of past and present alliances, losses, and reveries. It concludes:

Here, sitting up late, with a friend,
listening, talking, touching her
hand, his hand,
I touch your hand. No one
says anything much. No one
leaves anyone.

The poems "Couvre Fou: after Paul Eluard" and "Autumn Day," with its epigraph from Rilke and its allusion to Jung, summon further affinities and cross-references. Highly personal, a poem like "Autumn Day" represents Jean Valentine at her best—the poet's clear unflinching eye, sense of mystery, danger, isolation:

strange quiet
with time for work, your evenings, you will write long letters
this winter, you have your friends
and the names of friends of
friends.

In the early poem "Prayer before Work," May Sarton addresses her muse ("great one, austere") and asks to be given "that ease," "precision," and "strict form" that are the measure of song.

The request was not denied. What is striking in the *Collected Poems 1930-1973* is the craftsmanship, control and inspiration that permeate her work. The poetry records many tangible things, but primarily it is a testimony to an enduring inwardness.

Now I become myself. It's taken
Time, many years and places;
I have been dissolved and shaken,
Worn other people's faces,
Run madly, as if Time were
there,
Terribly old, crying a warning....
("Now I Become Myself")

May Sarton has been celebrated as a great solitary; like Colette's, her prose writings on the subject (*Journal of a Solitude*) provide insights into the life of one who has lived alone. The poetry amplifies this theme a hundredfold, examining, but never self-indulgently, the processes of time and change.

Who wakes in a house alone
Wakes to moments of panic.
(Will the roof fall in?
Shall I die today?)
Who wakes in a house alone
Wakes to inertia sometimes,
To fits of weeping for no reason.
Solitude swells the inner spaces
Like a balloon . . .
("Gestalt at Sixty")

The *Collected Poems,* drawn from eleven books published over a period of forty-three years, cannot be covered adequately here. Mention must be made of the two monumental poems "She Shall Be Called Woman" and "My Sisters, O' My Sisters," and of the moving cycle that ends the book, "Letters to a Psychiatrist."

To those who know May Sarton as a novelist (she is the author of fourteen novels) the poems may come as something of a surprise. To those who know her as a poet, this body of work, intelligently conceived and finely wrought, is the consummation of a distinguished career and a major achievement in its own right.

Philosophy of God, and Theology

BERNARD LONERGAN

Westminster, $4.50

Bernard Lonergan's Philosophy of God

BERNARD TYRRELL

U. of Notre Dame Press, $12.95

DAVID TRACY

In *Bernard Lonergan's Philosophy of God,* Bernard Tyrrell performs the real service of providing an extensive analysis of both the context and the content of Bernard Lonergan's philosophy of God, up to and partially including Lonergan's own St. Michael's lectures, now published under the title *Philosophy of God, and Theology.* Part I of Tyrrell's work provides analyses of Lonergan's own historical context and what Tyrrell accurately labels the 'existential dimension' of Lonergan's 'new context.' Part II turns to the 'content' of the strictly philosophical argument Lonergan provides for the existence of God in the famed chapter nineteen of *Insight.*

Throughout both parts of the work, Tyrrell makes major contributions to a fuller understanding of Lonergan's work. Especially valuable for this reader were Tyrrell's delineation in Part I of the Platonic influence on the development of Lonergan's notion of 'conversion' and his carefully argued insistence that the 'existential' thrust of the 'later' Lonergan can be found as early as Lonergan's largely overlooked and still valuable work in christology, *De Constitutione Christi.* Part II, moreover, includes the best analysis available of the major components in Lonergan's actual argument (in *Insight*) for the existence of God, along with some critical comments on several of Lonergan's critics (Burrell, MacKinnon, Ogden and the present reviewer).

The major difficulty of the book is that, perhaps unavoidably, its structure may prove confusing. Part I analyzes the 'new context' for Lonergan's later thought. That context can, in general terms, be described as a far greater insistence upon both historical consciousness and values. In Lonergan's own customarily precise terms in the preface, there is a complete abandonment of the language of any traditional 'faculty psychology' and the further development of the 'intentionality-analysis' initiated in *Insight* in cognitional terms into the new areas of moral and religious values.

The major components of that 'new context' are well delineated in Tyrrell's analysis. Understandably but disconcertingly, however, Tyrrell then returns to the 'old context' to analyze Lonergan's argument for the existence of God in *Insight.* This is fair enough since chapter nineteen of *Insight* is still *the* locus for finding Lonergan's actual 'philosophy of God.' Still, on Tyrrell's own terms, this philosophy of God is not worked out in terms of the new context. Perhaps this surely

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obvious structural difficulty accounts for Tyrrell's seeming failure to come fully to terms with the arguments of Lonergan's critics that his philosophy of God imports rather than critically defends traditional Aristotelian-Thomist conceptions for God. Tyrrell does score some fine philosophical points on Lonergan's critics here (especially, I might add, against my own inadequately formulated argument of 1970 that Lonergan's position on morality and religion was not 'critical' but 'dogmatic'). Still he seems not to realize that his own appeal in Part I for historical consciousness should alert him (as it alerted Lonergan's earlier critics) to question whether Lonergan's use in his philosophy of God of standard Thomist vocabulary really follows directly from the earlier argument of *Insight* and does not demand further defense. This seems to be an intrinsic demand in the basic argument of *Insight* itself for a critical defense of each new term. For example, in the actual argument of chapter nineteen, as Tyrrell makes clear, Lonergan does reformulate the traditional Thomist theory of causality in accord with his own critical philosophy. Perhaps he could also defend, by critically reformulating, all the traditional Thomist attributes for God. There seem to me good reasons to believe that this is unlikely.

At any rate, until that defense is forthcoming, there exist reasons to suggest that other thinkers have reformulated notions of both 'experience' and of 'God' directly relevant to Lonergan's own argument for the existence of God. The Anglo-American revised 'comprehensive' understanding of experience, for example, could prove to be a genuine development upon Lonergan's own notion of 'experience' without cancelling out his correctly esteemed analyses of the relation of 'experience' to 'understanding' and 'judgment.' A bi-polar concept of God might, if allowed, prove a genuine correction of Lonergan's full adherence to classical theism's understanding of the nature of God, without having to cancel out the articulate 'argument' Lonergan actually provides for the existence of God. Such questions seem legitimate ones for anyone committed, as Bernard Tyrrell so clearly and eloquently is, to the demands of the further, relevant questions of the process of authentic contemporary theological inquiry. I hope that Tyrrell will take up these questions in the future in more than the somewhat peremptory manner that he judges process theism to be 'anthropomorphic' in the present work. In the meantime, his book should prove a real service to all those interested in understanding both the context and the content of Lonergan's philosophy of God.

Bernard Lonergan's own major interests seem to have moved from the discussion of a philosophy of God to the question of the relationship between his philosophy of God in *Insight* and his development of the notion of systematic theology in *Method In Theology*, as can be seen by reading the elegant little volume entitled *Philosophy of God, and Theology*. Here we may find the clearest exposition of Lonergan's delineation of the 'new context' of theology and the first major application of his recent method to theology. In fact, the present volume consists of Lonergan's three St. Michael's lectures delivered in 1972 at Gonzaga University along with the excellent summaries of the question period following each lecture.

The first chapter provides Lonergan's understanding of the term 'philosophy of God.' Besides providing the clearest analysis available of Lonergan's position here, the chapter also concentrates, in a highly concise and impressive fashion, upon Lonergan's still too little noted insistence upon the priority of method over logic in the contemporary context. The second chapter specifies the kind of theology in question as an explicitly systematic one. As readers of Lonergan's *Method In Theology* will recall, 'systematics' is a functional speciality which provides not proofs, but systematic understanding of what the theologian has already discovered through research, interpretation, history, dialectics, foundations and doctrines. The chapter itself provides an excellent summary of and expansion upon what the reader of *Method* may find in the chapter on systematics. For the crucial relationship of systematics to the other specialties, however, the reader will have to return to *Method* itself, aided by Lonergan's own footnote references to the relevant passages.

The heart of the book may be found in the final and third chapter on the relationship between philosophy of God and the systematics. To state the matter briefly, if perhaps too cryptically, Lonergan believes that a philosophy of God should be worked out within the context of a systematics. The two disciplines remain distinct but not, as in classical Catholic theology, separated into 'natural' and 'revealed' non-conversation partners. Their mutual interaction, Lonergan believes, can be aided by a recognition that both proceed from the same origin (viz. religious experience) and both head towards

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the same goal (viz. the development of Lonergan's own demanding, transcendental model for authentic, as self-transcending, persons). As a challenge to the classical Catholic notions on science, philosophy, theology and scholarship, Lonergan's proposal here is both illuminating and persuasive. Furthermore, Lonergan takes pains to remind his readers that his position on the central questions of method, values, meaning and especially religion have already been defended in *Insight* and in the first four chapters of *Method In Theology*. The present work, therefore, may be read as Lonergan's methodical and substantive proposal for the development of a philosophy of God within systematics and based on his own method.

That proposal seems to this reviewer sound both on general and methodical terms and in clear continuity with Lonergan's *Method In Theology*. What one cannot but wish for is a further clarification by Lonergan of the roles of philosophy of religion and of God in 'dialectics' and especially in 'foundations.' Lonergan's own position on the nature of religion as a being-in-love-in-an-unrestricted-fashion has both clear scriptural warrants (especially in his favorite text from Paul, Romans 5, 5) and warrants from Friedrich Heiler's work in the history of religions. Still, the fact remains that from the viewpoints of alternative interpretations of the meanings of religion and of God in contemporary scriptural exegesis, history of religions, social scientific studies of religion and philosophies of religion, there are several and not easily reconcilable concepts of 'religion' presently available. That presence demands, in my judgment, that the contemporary theologian engage in what Lonergan has aptly labeled explicitly dialectical analysis of the significant similarities and differences between various notions on religion and God. In this situation of a 'conflict of interpretations,' a theologian needs further work in 'dialectics' and 'foundations' to articulate with contemporary adequacy the horizon proper to an explicitly systematic position.

Perhaps it is too much to ask that Lonergan himself engage in this exercise, given the extraordinary contributions he has already made to philosophical theological method. However, based on the first four chapters of *Method* as well as the chapters on dialectics and foundations, there seems every good reason to hope that his foundational position could be articulated in more inclusive terms. At that point, the present volume would become one part of a larger whole wherein philosophy of God would be related not merely to systematic theology but more completely to foundational theology as well. In the meantime, however, the theological and philosophical communities owe yet another debt of thanks to Lonergan for this analysis of a methodical relationship between a contemporary philosophy of God and a Catholic systematics.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 227*)

is the most perceptive analysis of the current economic crisis that we have read. He has brought its fundamental dimension into sharp relief. We are not simply going through another familiar business cycle. Rather, we are entering a "developmental crisis." Stagnation no longer reflects a temporary drop in profits or the periodic decline in corporate investment. Instead, it indicates that the basic categories of social-economic life—the job, the family, the city landscape, the social service institutions —no longer form a coherent social whole. This is why economic productivity is insufficient when measured against our developmental needs. Mr. Kramer put it well. "Every great breakthrough in technology required a massive redistribution of the working population and of national resources."

Mr. Kramer makes an even bolder proposition. "Advanced Technology does not call for a nation of machine tenders and clerks, but a nation of professionals and technicians." This economic crisis follows on the heels of a long period of underemployment throughout the job structure. Consequently, many people now believe that human talent and labor are simply superfluous. They feel that the "New Technology" can only displace them. Mr. Kramer argues differently. He suggests that labor, talent, and human activity appear redundant only because we have not yet learned to appropriate the new technology in full. Automation, Communication and Design might engage our faculties at a higher, more intense level than ever before, if only we could reorganize social life to appropriate these new "productive forces." Indeed, Mr. Kramer suggests that if we place our own productive potentials at the service of the world's developmental needs, then we will discover our own productive powers. Talent, labor and personal creativity will become the most scarce "commodities."

In this context, Mr. Kramer's analogy to the earlier industrial revolution reveals much. At the turn of the century, the new political-economists confronted the "paradox" of "poverty amidst plenty." They saw that the new industrial cities were growing rapidly. Yet they also witnessed the growth of an army of paupers and unemployables in the countryside. Economic development created superfluous humans just as it created new kinds of work. But, at that time the new political-economists could not see that human superfluity and economic development were interconnected parts of a contradictory and too often brutal process of change. The paupers in the countryside were to become the industrial working class of England. The machine was changing the life of the masses for the first time since the agricultural revolution. Men lost much in that "great transformation." But the productivity of machine civilization opened up vistas of freedom, choice, and personal engagement, that only elites could experience before.

We also stand between two epochs. But Mr. Kramer wisely tells us that today we must reorganize work, social life, and our political-economy so that social status and economic life are protected for all. The economic and social brutality of the earlier transformation

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would be intolerable today. Change and loss are intertwined. But we can accept the loss of our present (increasingly stagnant) way of life, if we have a clear vision of our roles and functions in an expanded and developmental post-industrial society.

We must develop policies and plans for this second Great Transformation. The Post-Industrial Study Group of Berkeley has launched a long term study of the problems of post-industrial development. We are developing a series of long-term plans and proposals that address the many-sided features of the present crisis and possible transformation. We are writing working papers on the life cycle, the job structure, the new sensibility, the global economy and the service-communications sector. We welcome all correspondence.

(DR.) LARRY HIRSCHHORN
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Detroit, Mich.

To the Editors: Implied in Steven Philip Kramer's excellent article, "Beyond Stagnation," [Apr. 25] is the hope that new technology will be one of the important factors in changing our economic system. While I agree with Mr. Kramer that we cannot abandon the need for technological change, I feel that we must be wary of technology that creates an ever more complex way of life. We are already on the threshold of a Technological Tower of Babel, wherein even highly trained technical people find it increasingly difficult to maintain their skills and communicate among themselves. Since it is already difficult for professional scientists and engineers to keep up with technological growth, it will be almost impossible to train many workers so that we can be ". . . a nation of professionals and technicians."

The ever-increasing complexity of technology brings with it two major hazards for society. The first is an increased likelihood that one small part of a major system will fail, causing major social and economic disruption. The second hazard is that complex technology, by its nature, is controlled by fewer people, leading toward a technocratic totalitarianism.

What is needed today is a technology of simplification, a broad review and utilization of existing ideas and hardware, directed toward a simpler, but technologically based way of life. With a renewed emphasis on simplification rather than sophistication, a useful technical skill and productive job will be within the reach of more people, and average people will again feel that they have some control over their lives.

JOHN J. JACHMAN

Quotes & Mis-quotes

New York, N.Y.

To the Editors: In his review of the Stallworthy biography of Wilfred Owen [May 23], Jeffrey Meyers writes, "In October 1916, before the Somme, Owen wrote two poems," etc. That date is hardly "before the Somme" though it is before such experience of the Somme as Owen was to have. The battle of the Somme began on the first day of July 1916, and it was on that day that the English suffered 60,000 casualties, including 20,000 killed. There may have been enough residual horrors to satisfy Owen's maturing poetic vision when he reached the Somme in early January 1917, but the worst fighting was well over; indeed, the English had launched their last attack on 13 November 1916. Mr. Meyers also misquotes Owen's famous Preface, where Owen wrote, not "The Poetry is the pity," but "The Poetry is in the pity," a small but vital difference.

MARK TAYLOR

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Michael Novak (Cont.)

and enlightened thought—I have tried, not least in later years, to listen again to the more ancient music of the self. Reacting, let us say, to the Mayaguez incident, my head goes one way, my other instincts yet another. I know full well the liberal and enlightened view to take; beneath that, around that, other warnings sound. Those other warnings seem to me, increasingly, more trustworthy and finally as intelligent: As though the phrase *seat* of wisdom were, after all, more exact than *head* of wisdom; and *sapiens* (as in *homo sapiens*) more penetrating than *homo cogitans*.

And so, from this space at least, farewell. I wish this column had been better these three years. I wish it had left no one unconvinced: not that anyone should wholly have agreed with me; but that a slightly new way of seeing may have become available to all.

GRADUATE COURSES IN THEOLOGY, Loyola University of Chicago. Fall Session 1975-76 (Sept. 23-Jan. 23). *The Psalms*, Rev. Brendan McGrath, OSB; *The History and Development of the Concept of Tradition*, Rev. John J. Ryan; *Contemporary Theology: An Ongoing Quest*, Sr. Mary Peter McGinty, CSJ; *The Church in Contemporary Theology*, Rev. Earl A. Weis, SJ; *The Gospel of Mark: Its Place in the Gospel Tradition*, Rev. John J. Kilgallen, SJ. Write Sr. Mary Peter McGinty, CSJ, LOYOLA UNIVERSITY, 6525 N. Sheridan Road, Chicago, Illinois 60626.

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